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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE GROWTH OF IGNORANCE

PROFESSOR JOHN BURNETT, who delivered the Romanes Lecture at Oxford this year, took for his subject 'Ignorance.' He expressed the fear that the civilized world might be facing another Dark Age.

The only knowledge worth distributing is living, first-hand knowledge, and that, from the nature of the case, can only be realized in its fullness by the few. That is, however, the only reservoir from which the needs of the many can be supplied, and it is therefore supremely important to consider from time to time whether it is being maintained at the proper level. . . . The nineteenth century had a simple faith in the progress of knowledge and enlightenment, but we now know too much history to have any assured confidence in that. There have been Dark Ages before, and they have generally supervened on periods when knowledge of a sort has been more widely distributed than ever. So far as we can see, the decay has always set in at the top. It cannot be denied that there are warnings and portents at the present day such as have before now heralded an Age of Darkness.

The Professor believed the young men of the present are, on the whole, healthier in body and mind, and more intelligent, than those of his own generation. On the other hand, he was certain that the young men of to-day are absolutely and relatively more ignorant than those of forty years ago, and, what was worse, that they have less curiosity and intellectual independence. Every university teacher in the country whose memory could carry him back a generation knew that the educational authorities had had to lower their standard of teaching and examination progressively for the last thirty years, in every department except the physical and natural sciences.

Those inclined to differ from the Professor's views will doubtless reflect that a growing knowledge of the physical and natural sciences is perhaps a sufficient compensation for the alleged decline in other branches of knowledge possessed by undergraduates.

JAPANESE STUDENT PACIFISTS

WHEN the Japanese Association for the Study of Military Science attempted to hold its inaugural session in the auditorium of Waseda University at Tokyo last May, pacifist students, who were in an overwhelming majority, disrupted the meeting. Before it opened they began their protests by shouting 'Bring your murderers on the platform,' and 'Down with the militarists!' Although the Dean and prom-

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inent professors, the commanding General of the Tokyo Department, and the Vice-Minister of War were on the platform, heckling continued with increasing violence until the close of the meeting, after which the protesting students issued a call for a convention to agitate against the Association for the Study of Military Science.

General Shirakawa, the Vice-Minister of War, was greeted with the cry that blood was dripping from his decorations. The students sang 'Thousands die to raise one hero to fame.' The officers' speeches were drowned by the noise, and the meeting closed in the utmost confusion.

Osaka Mainichi speaks of the disturbance as 'unprecedented in Japanese educational circles,' and says the incident 'comes as a rude shock to the Japanese people.' However, this journal simultaneously denounces the Association for the Study of Military Science as an 'inappropriate and inopportune undertaking,' and adds that the students' protest is 'another conclusive evidence of the unpopularity of soldiers among the Japanese.' *Yomiuri* says: 'This trouble has revealed to the public mind the alarming changes that have come over the ideas of Japan's rising generation.' It considers both parties to blame. The Government's plan to detail military officers to schools to give military training is criticized as likely to undermine student-discipline. 'Antimilitarist ideas will be more rapidly fomented among Japanese students.'

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CONFLICTING EVIDENCE

WE are accustomed to divergent versions of identical incidents in our own press; but a perusal of the press of other nations is required for a full appreciation of the contrasting and multicolored hues that tinge the spectacles of those who watch world affairs. Even in the same country, men of kindred temperament and training place the most diverse interpretations upon a similar situation. For instance, the London *Economist* summarizes Poincaré's review — in the Chamber — of the results of the Ruhr occupation so as to convey the impression that the cost of this measure is not excessive, in fact 'much less than has been feared,' that French furnaces are now receiving more coke from the Ruhr than they require, and that the prospect of a large supply of coal from that district is very rosy. Under the same date the London *Statist* asserts that Poincaré's report failed to mention heavy deficits — for instance, on the operation of the railways — that completely reverse the figures as to the cost of occupation; and that if it had recorded France's losses 'from depreciation in exchange, the huge bills paid for British coal and coke, and the injury done to the iron and steel trade with the number of furnaces in blast reduced by forty since the beginning of the year, the adverse balance would surely run into hundreds of millions.' The *Statist* denies the correctness of the figures as to coke- and coal-deliveries, though it admits some improvement in the output of pig iron.

Similar discrepancies appear in the German press accounts of the recent Communist troubles in the Ruhr. *Kölnische Zeitung* says: 'We are actually seeing to-day the strongest capitalistic and imperialist Power of Europe coquetting with Communism in the Ruhr for political ends. Communism is to prepare the way for France to accomplish her design, and when that is done, she will speedily crush those who have been her tools. France is trying to break our passive resistance in the Ruhr by playing Germans against Germans.' This journal

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reports that the regular trade-unions are on their guard against this possibility, and are coöperating with employers to stifle the Communist agitation.

On the other hand, *Rote Fahne*, the Berlin organ of the Communists, attributes the strike and disorders entirely to two conditions, which it describes with much local detail: the rapid rise of prices accompanying the recent depreciation of the mark — which made a radical revision of wages necessary — and the employment of 'Fascisti bands' and 'mine Pinkertons,' by employers, to defeat all labor agitation. 'The workingmen answered this provocation by smashing the Fascisti bands, driving them out of the police headquarters (at Gelsenkirchen) and taking possession there.' In conclusion this journal asks: 'What was the object of this provocation by the capitalists? Nothing else than a bloody preparation by the German bourgeoisie for a capitulation to the French . . . in order that Stinnes, Loucheur, and de Wendel may reap a huge profit.'

Again, *L'Europe Nouvelle*, a Paris Liberal weekly, prints a letter from a young soldier in the Army of Occupation, describing the attitude of the Rhenish population toward the French: —

> Germany is certainly a country of paradoxes. To convince yourself of this, you have only to look at the bus conductor clad like an officer of the Guards, or recall the Day of Mourning in the Rhine country. On the latter occasion the merchants shut their shops, for fear of being reported, but smoked and joked together behind their doors. Your Rhinelander is a good fellow. On the train he will read newspapers that denounce our soldiers as 'bloody barbarians,' but he will rise to help a poilu encumbered with his arms and haversack. The atrocities reported in the press do not stir his blood. He is more concerned over the price of margarine than over the incidents in the Ruhr. . . . So they live from day to day, obeying the Prussians with resignation, but on a friendly footing with us, neither loving Berlin nor caring for a Rhine Republic.

About the same date an equally liberal and veracious German paper, *Berliner Tageblatt*, describes Treves, 'the oldest city on German soil,' as reduced to the semblance of 'a North African military camp' — thronged 'with gaunt, turbaned sons of the desert in red-and-white robes, and long files of brown and black negroid red-fezzed Algerians, Tunisians, and Senegalese, jabbering a dozen African dialects.'

The process by which the white population is being expelled to make place for colored troops is described as follows: 'At five o'clock in the morning a certain section of the city is completely surrounded by Spahis and other colored troops. All communication between it and the rest of the town is severed. Trucks fill the streets; and a spectacle follows that must remind these black men of incidents that happened a few years ago in their native African villages, when soldiers suddenly appeared at their doors of a morning and dragged their young men away from weeping and wailing parents to fight for the glory of France in a distant and unknown land. . . . For that is the way white Germans are now treated. Billeting officers knock at the doors of the houses, awakening the terrified dwellers from their sleep. An interval of from five to ten minutes is all that is allowed for them to vacate their homes. Cases have occurred where women working in the garden in the early morning have been forced to leave in army trucks without going back into the house to remove their aprons. Naturally, such things depend upon the character of the particular officers in charge. . . .

'It should not be forgotten that there

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are honorable Frenchmen who deplore this. One of these, on seeing a railway employé, his wife, and nine children weeping on the street, with all their worldly possessions tied up in little bundles, said: "It is horrible. I would like to help you, but I cannot. I must obey orders." When German residents were ejected from their homes at Kurenz not long ago, several French railway employés watched the operation. The wife of one of the French workingmen burst into tears, and exclaimed: "If I had known of this, I should never have come. I am going away. I will never live in that house. God's curse would be upon me there."'

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QUEENSLAND ELECTIONS

QUEENSLAND Laborists have won an important victory in the May elections, retaining in power, with an increased majority, a second consecutive Labor Premier, against the predictions of those who hoped to see popular wrath visited upon a Government that had essayed expensive and unsuccessful adventures in many fields of state and industry. The expected reaction against radicalism has not set in.

The Conservative press in Great Britain consoles itself for this unexpected result with the conjecture that responsibility has a sobering influence upon Labor politicians. The present Premier has vigorously opposed those of his own party who are trying to abolish the arbitration court and substitute for it vague devices proposed by the All-Australian Trade-Union Congress for settling trade disputes.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Theodore, the Labor Prime Minister, who is regarded as the ablest Parliamentarian in the Queensland legislature, is a Rumanian by birth. According to a Melbourne correspondent of the London *Times*, 'his political astuteness allows him altogether to outwit the rather dull individualities opposed to him.'

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TOREO REDIVIVO

DESPITE the humanitarian campaign against bullfighting in Spain, and the growing interest in other sports, the *corrida* seems to have as strong a hold as ever upon popular affection in that country. In fact, it shows indications of extending to Spain's neighbors. For the third time in the history of Rome, a bullfight has been held in that city. The first was in the year that America was discovered, 1492, when the Spanish Ambassador gave a festival to celebrate the capture of Granada from the Moors. The second, in 1500, was held at the gates of the Vatican, in front of St. Peter's, before the present magnificent Piazza was built. Now the Fascisti, perhaps balking at bringing back gladiators, have approved the establishment of what seems likely to be a permanent bull-ring in that city. Three corridas have recently been held, and the first torero to kill a bull was presented with an artistic cigarette-case in the name of Signor Mussolini. Naturally, there has been some protest. The eminent Italian journalist, Maffio Maffi, of the *Tribuna*, under the heading of *Pollice Verso*, wrote as follows: —

> Our opinion is that Rome did not in the least feel the necessity for these taurine saturnalia of exotic importation. Rome, celebrated a few mornings ago as the world's ancient mistress of the highest civilization; Rome, exalted as the perennial lighthouse of spirituality in the intellectual baseness and confusion of the modern world, might have also allowed herself the luxury of refusing the right of citizenship — even if only provisional — to a bull-ring.

A contributor to *Heraldo de Madrid* ascribes the continued popularity of

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the sport in Spain to his countrymen's national psychology: —

The psychology of the spectator at a bullfight is peculiar, just as a bullfight is peculiar. Buying a ticket to the ring is like buying a lottery ticket. You buy a chance of seeing something, but no certainty. . . . The best toreros and the best-bred bulls may prove a disappointment; on the other hand, a most unpromising programme may prove intensely exciting. It is this uncertainty that appeals to the spectator. In general, a bullfight is a dull spectacle. What keeps the spectators in their seats is the hope of something exceptional. This is where a bullfight differs from a theatrical entertainment. Any intelligent spectator can leave a dull play after the first act, sure that he is losing nothing. But at a bullfight you are never certain what may happen until the last bull has been dragged from the ring.

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SOCIALISTS IN HAMBURG

When International Socialist leaders of Europe tried to rally their disorganized and scattered forces after the war, their own disagreements prevented their assembling under a single banner. Indeed, they have not done so even today. The Conservatives formed a new International at Geneva; the Trade Unions organized for common effort with headquarters at Amsterdam. A more radical group of non-Communist Socialists formed an international at Vienna; and the Third — or Bolshevist — International was founded at Moscow. Now all these organizations, with the exception of the Third International, have compromised their differences and fused into a single organization at Hamburg. This unites, for the first time since the war, all the Socialists opposed to Bolshevism.

It is yet too early to estimate the importance of the new organization, which must be proved by its deeds. In aim and purpose it does not differ conspicuously from the International that existed before the war; but its power and influence have been enhanced by the overthrow of the great reactionary monarchies, and the elevation of many Socialist leaders to responsible Government posts in all parts of Europe. Among the resolutions adopted by the Congress was one declaring that the imperialism of the ruling capitalist classes was driving humanity into new wars, which could only end in the extinction of civilization, and asserting that the Reparations problem could only be solved by a complete and sincere agreement between Germany and her creditors, without methods of force or occupation of territory. The capitalist class in Germany was held responsible for the failure of that country to meet its just obligations arising out of the war. Germany's liabilities should be fixed at what would be the present value of the property her armies have destroyed.

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POINCARÉ AND THE SENATE

Poincaré's rebuff by the French Senate in the matter of the Communist trial is variously interpreted by the foreign press. Poincaré's own organs denounce the Senate's refusal to try the Communist deputies for alleged unpatriotic agitation in the Ruhr. To quote *Figaro*, it is a conspicuous example 'of the vacillating stupidity and cowardice of politicians en masse, even when they are individually estimable and sensible.' *Le Matin* thinks the Senate's action calls for a revision of the organic law: 'the abdication of the High Court makes an amendment of the Constitution imperative.'

But the outside world mainly wishes to know if the Senate's action indicates that Poincaré's hold upon the Government is weakening. So far as foreign policy is concerned, press opinion

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seems to be unanimous that such is not the case. The French people are behind their Premier in his Ruhr policy. However, many thus support a man whose personality is hateful to them, in order to maintain the prestige of their country. They will not relinquish the policy of pressure upon Germany, but they would much rather exercise this pressure through a different agent. Furthermore, the Senate, which faces a new election in January, is decidedly more 'Radical' — using the term in its technical, political sense — than the Chamber of Deputies. It would for several reasons prefer to have the January Senatorial elections and the spring elections for the Chamber held under a different Premier.

While Poincaré advocates a 'strong' foreign policy, he does not stand at the extreme Right. The ultra-Nationalists, manœuvred by the astute Léon Daudet, and by Poincaré's opponent and rival, André Tardieu, would venture much further than the Premier in disregarding public sentiment in England and elsewhere, and 'going it alone' in foreign affairs.

In refusing to try the Communist deputies, the Senate was influenced to some extent by a feeling that such a trial would give altogether too much prominence to a group of obscure Labor politicians. A non-Bolshevist Russian paper, published in Berlin, believes that Poincaré has sacrificed prestige by his gesture of resigning, because 'in Paris the most dangerous thing a man can do is to make a mountain out of a molehill.'

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CONSERVATISM IN CHINA

RODNEY GILBERT, whose informing articles upon China we have often quoted in the *Living Age*, reports in the *North China Herald*, after a recent journey through the central provinces of that country, that a great wave of conservatism is sweeping through them.

> Get together a group of scholars, soldiers, and officials, and talk of democracy's blessings, and they acquiesce more or less politely; but say boldly that the Republic is a failure and the imperial system the only safeguard of peace and order, and you will be greeted with vociferous applause.

Simultaneously, however, the *Herald* publishes another opinion, from an equally authoritative source, to the effect that monarchy is discredited. The science of Chinese statecraft has always been to let the country govern itself. Apparently a democratic government will do this better than a monarchy.

A hopeful aspect of the situation is that, despite the present demoralization, the public demands a higher type of government than heretofore. With better education, newspapers, and swifter communications, the people are growing impatient of conditions that they would formerly have tolerated without protest. The public is also beginning to feel that if peace is to be won it must be fought for and not negotiated. The still unsettled struggle for supremacy between General Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin may culminate in a military campaign this present summer, staged on a larger scale than any of recent years.

Meanwhile, the Peking Government seems to be going from bad to worse. It is so hard-pressed for funds that it recently hit upon the device of printing five million dollars' worth of revenue stamps and pawning them for a fraction of their value, to raise ready money.

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'THE THREE-MILE LIMIT'

BY A LEGAL CORRESPONDENT

[Great Britain's controversy with Russia, as to jurisdiction over the waters of the Murman Coast, and her protest against the enforcement of the Volstead Act in American waters, lend timely interest to this discussion, by an eminent jurist, of the technical points at issue.]

From the *Morning Post, May* 21–22
(London Tory Daily)

The 'three-mile limit'; the 'Territorial Waters.' Periodically these terms, and the meaning of them, come up for public discussion, and as often there is displayed by those who discuss them a very grievous ignorance, not of their meaning only, but of the consequences resulting from their legitimate use. The misconception of their meaning may be thus expressed: the two expressions are synonymous, and the territorial waters extend universally to three miles from the shore; in other words, three miles is the universally accepted limit of the extension of territorial jurisdiction seaward.

Public attention was first specially directed to the question of the three-mile limit in 1876, when Ferdinand Keyn, a German subject and master of the German steamer Franconia, then being within three miles of the English coast, by negligent navigation ran down the British steamer Strathclyde, as the result of which one of the passengers was drowned. Keyn was tried, found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment; but the legal question was heard before the Court of Crown Cases Reserved. The six judges were equally divided, and the case was argued a second time before fourteen judges, of whom, one having died, six held that the jurisdiction of the English courts was properly exercised because the offense was committed within the three-mile limit; but seven held that the conviction was wrong because no such limit or jurisdiction existed; among them the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Alexander Cockburn, who delivered the most learned and probably the lengthiest of his many learned and lengthy judgments.

The decision in the Franconia case formed the basis of Sir Charles Russell's great argument in the Bering Sea Arbitration in 1896, in which the question of jurisdiction on the high sea was directly in issue, for the United States claimed property in the fur-seals during their wanderings in the deep waters of the Pacific Ocean after leaving the breeding-grounds on the Pribilof Islands, and consequent jurisdiction to protect that property against foreign sealers on the high sea. While the British argument was being prepared I drew Sir Charles's attention to Cockburn's judgment. I had been in court and had retained a vivid recollection of the great Judge's demeanor during its delivery—the consciousness that it was destined to be epoch-making, the pride that his indefatigable research had enabled him at last to fathom a question which the great jurists of the past had only fumbled over. Cockburn had published his judgment in pamphlet form, and I gave my copy to Sir Charles Russell. He was deeply impressed by its profound

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learning; and, search being made, half-a-dozen copies were discovered, which were distributed among the lawyers engaged on the argument; so far as this branch of the case was concerned the judgment became our Bible.

The law of the high sea was unfamiliar to Russell when he took the argument in hand, and Cockburn's judgment was a revelation to him. Having absorbed it, he made, as his manner was, the principles his own, clothing them in new language.

These recollections show that after the months of anxious study which were devoted to the framing of the argument in one of the most serious disputes which arose in later years between England and the United States, Cockburn's principles were deliberately adopted by the Government. And the principles he laid down, after a review of every conceivable authority, were these: that there is no such thing recognized by international law as a universal 'three-mile limit' for all purposes; that international law does recognize the right of every State with a seaboard to claim jurisdiction over a belt of waters contiguous to its coasts, which is called its 'territorial waters,' but that without evidence of a claim made such territorial waters do not exist. Further, that so long as the claim is reasonable in extent, international law does not set three miles as a fixed limit; but it has been the common practice of nations to adopt that distance, either individually or in conventions for certain definite purposes with other nations. Finally, and this was the reason for quashing Keyn's conviction, England had at that time made no such general claim, and, therefore, there did not exist, as had been popularly supposed, any territorial waters round the English coasts, though in certain special cases the exercise of jurisdiction had been authorized, sometimes within a marine league, sometimes at a greater distance from the shore. Behind these principles there is another which governs them: that the territorial waters, when claimed, are still the high sea; and the recognition of the claim is limited to the exercise of specified jurisdiction within them, and this must not derogate from the right of free passage by other nations in time of peace.

The decision startled all who had been brought up in the ancient faith. It produced consternation, some said indignation; but, there being no appeal, action was necessary, and in a short time the Territorial Waters Act, 1878, was passed. The Act has been much misunderstood. Its name has misled the unlearned, and even among the learned there are not wanting some who maintain the fallacy that it extended the territory of England and the dominions seaward to three miles from low-water mark. What the Act did was, first, to declare that 'the rightful jurisdiction' of the Crown 'extends and has always extended over the open seas adjacent to the coasts' of the Empire 'to such a distance as is necessary for the defense and security' of the dominions; and, secondly, to enact that an offense committed by any person within one marine league of the coast measured from low-water mark, even if committed on board a foreign ship, is an offense within the jurisdiction of the Admiral, and the offender is liable to arrest, trial, and punishment accordingly.

But it also provides that where the offense has been committed by a foreigner, even on board a British ship, proceedings are not to be instituted except with the consent of a Secretary of State, 'and on his certificate that the institution of such proceedings is, in his opinion, expedient.'

So far, then, the law applicable to

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the territorial waters of the British dominions is this: they are still high seas; criminal jurisdiction may be exercised over British subjects in respect of offenses committed within them, and over foreigners by special authority if it is 'expedient.'

But this succinct statement of the law applicable to the territorial waters properly so called, by no means exhausts the question of jurisdiction at sea. For there is a right of free passage over those waters; and you have only to look at the map of England to see that there are many stretches of water around its indented coast in which it is impossible to imagine that the ships of other nations have an inherent right to go, which cannot be 'high sea,' and therefore must be something else: the Spit and the Solent, for example, the Wash, or, to take a larger indentation, the Bristol Channel.

It is unnecessary to labor the point; the fact is now clearly demonstrated that the waters which wash our shores are of two kinds: those which are *intra fauces*, as it is called, which are part and parcel of the realm; and the 'territorial waters,' which are part and parcel of the high sea. Offenses committed within the one are triable at the Assizes in the adjacent county, because they have been committed within the realm of our lord the King, and against his peace; offenses committed in the other are solely triable under and in virtue of the Act of 1876.

I do not suppose that when the learned civilians enunciated the principle that the waters on a deeply serrated coast were the waters of the realm they had particularly in view the punishment of offenses committed within them. It seems more probable that they had noted the proclivities of sovereigns to covet and desire other sovereigns' territories, and realized that unless the principle that waters *intra fauces* belong to the realm were recognized, together with its corollary that the rocks and islands lying within them are also part of the realm, some other covetous sovereign might lay claim to them by prior occupation.

A kindred principle applies to mud-banks formed in the mouths of great rivers; and Sir William Scott's decision that the little mud-islands formed at the mouth of the Mississippi were part of the territory of the United States was based expressly on this reason, that if they were not American 'any other Power might occupy them: they might be embanked and fortified. What a thorn in the side of America!'

I note in passing that the claims of geology to consideration in this matter of national territory have not been overlooked; and oyster beds and coral reefs connected in geological formation with the mainland, though lying some distance out to sea, have been claimed and recognized as national territory. Of this there are the standing examples of the pearl fisheries of Ceylon, the coral fisheries of Italy, and the oyster beds of Ireland, which are twenty-three miles from low-water mark between Lambay Island and Carnsore Point. The recognition of ownership of deep-sea fisheries carries with it a right of protection from marauders.

It is incontestable that exclusive fishery rights may be claimed within the territorial waters. So far we arrive at a general principle that a State has a right by international law to pass legislation applicable to foreigners as well as subjects within a certain distance from the shore for the protection of its property and interests, or for certain purposes of vital interest to the State; and as the right exercised is analogous to that of territorial sovereignty this defensive belt of waters has been called the 'territorial waters.' There is undoubtedly a general tend-

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ency to treat this belt as being limited to three miles from the shore; but it is impossible not to recognize the justice of the declaration of the American Chief Justice Marshall that 'what is sufficient for one State need not of necessity be sufficient for another; that what is sufficient for an island may be altogether insufficient for a country with a large extent of coast-line.'

There is also a general tendency to assume that this is the limit of jurisdiction seaward for all purposes; the jealousy with which any attempt to encroach upon the free use of the high sea in peace seems to have attached to the three-mile limit the caution 'thus far and no farther.' But the consequences of this would defeat the principle on which the universal concession has been made. For grant that, the criminal law having been extended, a criminal, so long as he is within these waters, is liable to arrest, it seems to follow that if he can make good his escape beyond the limit he is free from arrest; or, grant that a foreign ship chartered to carry a cargo of contraband-of-customs to, say, Bolivia, may sail the high seas over with impunity, so long as she keeps outside the limit, it seems to follow that she might lay to within a cable length of the limit, offering a convenient opportunity to small boats to put off from the shore under cover of darkness, hoping to evade the vigilance of the revenue cutters. In both these cases it is often assumed that the 'freedom of the sea' offers an insuperable objection to any defensive action being taken by the country whose laws have been or are about to be evaded.

The morals of Governments are an uncertain quantity; the obligation of one to recognize the laws of another is by no means recognized. The criminal laws of another country which one State will recognize are variously defined in the Extradition Treaties; and in the case of political and fiscal laws they are considered to be so much of domestic concern that recognition of them is flatly refused. Therefore, if we take the concrete case of the customs laws, the offended country is between the Devil and the High Sea. Knowing that those on board the ship lying so innocently in the offing have a clear intention of running liquor ashore on the first available opportunity, the precisians declare that she can do nothing to prevent it unless and until the three-mile-limit line is crossed; and the country whose flag she flies courteously but firmly declines to take action, for no law of hers is in prospective violation. Practice has, however, stepped in to mitigate the severity of principle, and certain measures of defense are allowed to be taken by the offended country.

The first principle is the law of 'hot pursuit,' which in certain circumstances derogates from the accepted rule that 'any visitation, molestation, or detention of vessels on the high sea bearing the flag of a friendly State by force, or by the exhibition of force, is in derogation of the sovereignty of that State.'

The common instance of the application of this principle is if a criminal, a foreigner, were to escape by swimming out to sea in the hope of reaching a friendly vessel in the offing, he could, if the pursuit be 'hot,' be seized, though he had crossed the three-mile limit; though if he should get aboard the flag would protect him and the law of extradition must be resorted to. The question arises especially when the ship has participated in the offense: as where a foreign ship has landed part of her crew for the purpose of rescuing some political prisoners. Then immediate pursuit on to the high seas would be justified, and if the necessity arose she might be fired into.

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So if a ship go to sea without her clearance the Executive might consider the question of sufficient importance to take measures to bring her back into port; she, too, could be hotly pursued on to the high sea. The condition attached to this exceptional privilege is that the pursuit should be 'hot pursuit'; but, this condition satisfied, there appears to be no limit of time or space during which it may continue. The pursuit may be continued the high seas over, though presumably it would come to an end should the escaping vessel enter the territorial waters of another country. It is a peculiar law, but sufficiently established by the authorities to be stated with precision; and some analogy for it may be found in the case of wild animals over which a temporary property has been created by confinement. If they escape and are immediately pursued the pursuit may be continued on to a neighbor's property.

The second principle deals with what is known as 'hovering at sea' — ships lying off the shore with a purpose of evading the customs law — in other words, with smuggling intent.

The question is a difficult one; but it often happens that the solution of problems which result from international relations is made simpler by inverting them. Thus, in the case of islands lying within embayed waters the question whether they are part of the territory of the country to which they are adjacent is more easily answered by putting the counter-question: May another nation occupy them? So, with regard to measures which may be taken to prevent breaches of customs laws, the answer to the question whether a country may for this purpose extend its seaward jurisdiction beyond the three-mile limit is more easily arrived at by putting this counter-question: How far may the high sea be made the base from which breaches of another country's customs laws can be operated? Our own Parliament never considered three miles sufficient for the protection of the customs, even in the days of rowboats.

Under the Act of 1736 the offense of 'hovering at sea' was committed by a vessel lying off within four leagues of the coast, and there transshipping foreign goods into small boats by which they were smuggled on shore. The Customs Laws Consolidation Act of 1876 reduced the distance to three leagues in the case of ships belonging wholly or in part to British subjects, and one league in the case of ships 'not British.' In the absence of direct proof of the goods having been on board, the evidence required to establish the offense depended on the construction of the vessel: that is, the existence of false bulkheads, of devices for running goods, of contrivances for attaching goods to the ship, or for sinking them to avoid capture. But the great question always was, and is, how far these provisions can be applied to foreign ships; and this question is not completely answered by the limit of one league for non-British ships, for the offense may be committed by ships having half the persons on board British subjects. It is unnecessary to add that if the ship escape to sea after committing an offense within the three leagues, the principle of 'hot pursuit' would apply as above explained.

Such, then, in briefest outline, are the materials which are available for deducing an intelligible rule as to jurisdiction at sea beyond the waters which are an integral part of the realm. I have purposely discussed the question in the abstract, seeking to elucidate the broad principles which underlie a very difficult subject. The rule against discussing questions which are *sub judice* should be respected, though the

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judex be a Government Department, when international complications are likely to arise; and for the moment, certainly till there is full *connaissance de cause*, it would be inadvisable to express a definite opinion on either of the questions affecting British ships which have arisen in two different seas.

But I think I may usefully deduce something concrete from what I have written, by contrasting the two current theories with regard to the three-mile limit. The popular notion is that the territorial waters extend always and for all purposes to three miles, and no more; that they form a belt of waters surrounding the shores of all countries with a seaboard in which all the laws of that country are in force, and which form part of the territory of the country. The difficulties in the way of making this proposition good are: (*a*) that these waters are high sea; (*b*) that, laws being territorial, they cannot apply therein of their own vigor.

Against this I set the legal conception of the territorial waters as I believe it to be understood by the greatest English lawyers. *That for certain definite purposes which affect the security and well-being of a country its Legislature may extend its jurisdiction seaward to such distance as the nature of the subject legislated for demands; that this extension must be express; that in ordinary cases three miles is considered a reasonable distance, but that in certain circumstances it may be more; but, this extension being in derogation of the rights of other nations upon the high sea, that their consent is essential, whether, so far as the distance seaward is concerned, it is reasonable in the circumstances, and whether, so far as the subject protected and the nature of the protection are concerned, it is one which reasonably requires it even within the three miles. Or, to put the matter concisely, the territorial waters being high sea, there must be consent of other nations, express or implied, to any limitation of their rights therein.*

THE WEALTH OF NATIONS

[*Adam Smith, the founder of modern political economy, was born on June 5,* 1723.]

From the *Times Literary Supplement, May* 24
(London Weekly Literary Review)

The corroding waters of time have surged with but little visible effect against the solid rock of Adam Smith's reputation. His great book — for it is upon *The Wealth of Nations* that his fame is based — is still the best example of the application of a philosophic mind to the complicated facts of political economy, and perhaps, since Aristotle's *Politics*, the sanest of all the books in which philosophical speculation and historical knowledge are blended together. Yet nobody would pretend that *The Wealth of Nations* is a work of art. Though Smith preferred Racine to Shakespeare and rhyme to blank verse, and in general found his literary delight in models of polished and chiseled excellence, there is very little evidence of any conscious striving for artistic effect in *The Wealth of Nations*.

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The book, which was dictated, has many of the defects incidental to dictated books. It is diffuse, full of digressions, and none too convincing in arrangement. Though the style is always clear and vigorous and well adapted to the matter in hand, it is not distinguished by any special felicity. Nobody compiling an anthology of English prose would insert a paragraph from Adam Smith. And yet what English writer of the eighteenth century has exercised so wide an influence on the thought and policy of the world? What English prose of the eighteenth century — Burke excepted — is assured of so many serious readers to-day, or is likely so long to retain a hold on the attention of posterity? Even if we cannot go so far as Buckle, who said of *The Wealth of Nations* that 'in its ultimate results it was probably the most important book that has ever been written,' we can easily see how Buckle was led to enunciate such a proposition.

What, then, are the sources of this singular vitality? In a letter to Ferguson, written just after the publication of *The Wealth of Nations* in 1776, Gibbon puts his finger upon the point. 'What an excellent work is that with which our common friend, Mr. Adam Smith, has enriched the public! An extensive science in a single volume and the most profound ideas expressed in the most perspicuous language.' The 'extensive science' concerned things in which the majority of mankind are and will continue to be interested. Most people are in some way or another concerned with business, and *The Wealth of Nations*, as it was the first comprehensive book to be written upon the business side of life, so is it still by far the greatest and the most sagacious.

Others have written upon business with a finer polish, with more of logical coherence, or with a more profound grasp of some particular aspect of affairs, but no one has written of business with such an easy, all-round mastery, or in so human, observant, and intelligible a way. There is no mystery about Adam Smith. Anyone who can understand anything can understand him. If the theory at any point seems remote and difficult, a cascade of facts and illustrations tumbles out in an overwhelming volume and sweeps away all obstructions to intelligence.

Some of Smith's successors used a dry and arithmetical logic. Not so the Glasgow professor. He is much too violently interested in human life to be dry and academic. And so his *magnum opus*, the fruit of twelve years of concentrated work, will always be read, not only by reason of the value attaching to its central doctrines, but for its broad humanity, its wealth of knowledge about human affairs, its shrewd insight into human motives, its sobriety and balance of judgment, its eagerness of interest, its plain and manly vigor.

Such a happy destiny is not always the fate of pioneer books. A new theory, afterward generally accepted and passed into the ordinary circulation of the world, does not invariably secure for its author the friendly familiarity of men and women born more than a century afterward, however original and ingenious it may be. Something besides originality and widespread influence are necessary to the perpetuation of this kind of intimacy. If a book is to live in this sense, it must abound in vitality. It must show not only intellect but strong character. The reader must be able to say at every turn, 'Here is a man, vigorous, animated, fulfilled with purpose, showing me the workings of a rich and powerful nature.'

Now there are few books at once more full of valuable doctrine and more eloquent of sturdy character than *The Wealth of Nations*. As we turn over its pages, we feel that we are in the hands

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of an author who possessed to a remarkable degree the very rare gift of caring for truth above everything else. Smith was a born observer. If he came across an awkward little fact which made a dint in his reasoning, he did not obscure or suppress it, but allowed the fact to modify the theory. He observes of the physiocrats that, 'as men are fond of paradoxes and of appearing to understand what surpasses the comprehension of ordinary people,' the popular French paradox concerning the unproductive nature of manufacturing labor had probably enlarged the circle of their admirers.

Now Adam Smith was incapable of resorting to paradox for admirers. His great book, which grew slowly out of his Glasgow lectures, was the result of continual corrections in the light of experience.

> To impose upon any man the necessity of teaching, year after year, any particular branch of science, seems, in reality, to be the most effectual method for rendering him completely master of it himself. By being obliged to go every year over the same ground he necessarily becomes in a few years well acquainted with every part of it; and if upon any particular point he should form too hasty an opinion one year, when he comes in the course of his lectures to reconsider the subject the year thereafter he is very likely to correct it.

We can be pretty sure that in this passage Smith is giving us a hint of his own methods of work, and that many hasty opinions and first impressions had been revised before *The Wealth of Nations* was given to the world. But this patient, cautious, exploring temper of mind is only one part of his attraction. The other is a refreshing vehemence of character more commonly found in public men than in scientific inquirers. He had a hatred of cruelty and injustice and superstition in all its branches, a generous enthusiasm for progress, and a heartening belief in the glorious Revolution and the essential soundness of the British polity.

To describe him as a strong Whig is true, but quite insufficient. Rather he belongs to that great European company of thinkers who during the latter half of the eighteenth century set themselves to rid the world of its superstitions and fanaticism and to guide it by the lamps of natural reason. His aim was to influence the policy, not of Scotland only, nor of Great Britain, but of Europe, to revise the current economic theories of mankind, and to found a new statecraft upon a correct appreciation of the nature of wealth.

Recent research has dispelled the legend that Smith's characteristic doctrines were derived from France. The myth has its origin in an absurd but oft-quoted statement by Dupont de Nemours, that everything that was true in Adam Smith's respectable but tedious work — '*dans ce livre estimable mais pénible à lire*' — was to be found in Turgot's *Réflexions sur la formation et la distribution des Richesses*. Now Turgot's *Réflexions* were published in 1766, six years before *The Wealth of Nations*, but then only in the periodical, *Ephémérides du Citoyen*, and as this was not in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh in 1776, and is not among the collection of Adam Smith's books catalogued by Dr. James Bonar, we are not justified in concluding that Smith had ever seen the work. But even if he had seen and read it, Dr. Cannan's publication of a student's notes of the Lectures on Justice, which were delivered sometime between November, 1762, and January, 1764, though unpublished till 1896, show that Adam Smith had already developed all his fundamental and many of his characteristic doctrines before he paid, as tutor to the young Duke of Buccleuch, that visit to France which brought him

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into personal contact with the leaders of French philosophic opinion and played so important a part in the widening of his economic experience.

Bagehot has explained in one of the finest of his biographical essays the circumstances and forces which went to the building of *The Wealth of Nations:* the good foundations laid at the High School at Kirkcaldy and at Glasgow College; the four years' uninterrupted private reading in the library of Balliol College, where the whole range of classical literature offered itself to the ravening appetite of a friendless young Scot; then the chair of moral philosophy in Glasgow, with its opportunities, not only for systematic study and teaching, but for mixing with the merchants of a thriving town and learning from their lips and at first hand of the galling annoyance of a meddlesome State; then the three years' tour in France, where economic theorizing was so active and economic abuses so manifold; and finally the very useful ducal pension which enabled the great work to be composed, with due deliberation and without the harassing interruption of academic duty.

Of personal influences the greatest beyond doubt was that of Francis Hutcheson — 'the never-to-be-forgotten Hutcheson' — who held the chair of moral philosophy in Glasgow when Smith first entered as a student at the tender age of fourteen. Hutcheson possessed the most valuable of all the gifts which a teacher can communicate to the young — the habit of cross-country traveling. He conceived of his subject on the broadest lines, treating of ethics, jurisprudence, and economics, and so when Smith came to occupy his master's chair he took the same wide sweep, beginning with *The Theory of Moral Sentiments*, which was published when he was thirty-six years of age, proceeding to treat of *Justice and Police*, and finally elaborating, as part of a general history of civilization, his great deliverance in *The Wealth of Nations.*

A big framework is a great help to a strong and ambitious man, and the meditative young Scot with the harsh voice and absent manner who took notes at Hutcheson's lectures had a fine miscellaneous appetite for facts and interests. 'Horner is ill,' wrote Sydney Smith to Lady Holland of another economist. 'He was desired to read amusing books: upon searching his library it appeared he had no amusing books, the nearest approach to a work of that description being the *Indian Trader's Complete Guide.*' But Smith's library was full of amusing and, what is also significant, of well-bound books. His interests were not confined to ethics and jurisprudence and economics; he knew his ancient and modern classics, his Swift and his Racine as well as his Livy and Quintilian; he had the dialectician's pleasure in conversational hazards of unfamiliar topics.

Whether he was a good talker may be disputed; but that his talk was overflowing with knowledge easily and pleasantly imparted, that it was the best kind of talk of an informative kind, appears to be undisputed. Probably once started, he was a little overwhelming. He knew so many things, and the things which he knew came so trippingly to his tongue, and he had such a habit of lecturing and enjoyed society so much.

But it does not matter now that he bored Garrick — who thought him flabby! — or quarreled with Johnson, or was regarded by Bozzy as a most undesirable member of the club. ('Smith, too, is now of our Club. It has lost its select character.') What is important for the formation of his genius is that he was eminently clubbable. An economist cannot afford to be a recluse.

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He cannot shut himself up in a library and write out of his own head and with the help of books and papers a work of living and original value. He must mix with the world and learn from the lips of men how the world's business goes forward.

Adam Smith, for all his huge stores of knowledge, was a man of the world who enjoyed mixing with men of the world. He probably belonged to as many clubs and learned societies as any man in Scotland. There was the Economic Society in Glasgow and the Oyster in Edinburgh, where he spent, as Commissioner of Customs, the last years of his life, and *the* club which met at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street, London, and many others; and at all of these Smith would abound — '*un philosophe*,' as a French lady admirer described him, '*moral et pratique; gay, riant, à cent lieues de la pédantisme des nôtres.*'

It is obvious, too, that he possessed that other quality, valuable to the collector of social information, of being able to get on to conversational terms with persons of every rank and station in society. 'An old man,' he remarks, 'of great accuracy and experience has assured me that more than fifty years ago a guinea was the usual price of a barrel of good merchantable herrings.' And at the other end of the scale was the youthful Lord Shelburne, whom he converted to Free Trade during a memorable journey to London.

A vast literature on political economy has sprung up since Adam Smith's day; but, great as are the changes in atmospheric pressure, how little there is to unlearn in *The Wealth of Nations!* Economic theory has been expanded and refined. Ricardo on rent, Malthus on population, Jevons and Marshall and the Viennese on the laws of demand, Walker on the distinction between profits and interest, Dibblee on the rôle of marketing in modern production — these names are symbolic of great developments. On foreign exchanges, currency, and banking, subjects but slightly touched upon by Adam Smith, there has been much new thought and knowledge. But the foundations of the science are in *The Wealth of Nations.* Here is the germ of every theory, the clue to every development. Of few scientific books can it be said that the commentaries of a hundred and fifty years have availed so little against the hard core of their reasoning.

Socialism, Protection, Imperialism— how, it may be asked, do these doctrines in the form which is now fashionable square with the theories of Adam Smith, who taught that if self-interest were left free to work out its own arithmetic 'the invisible hand of nature' would produce the most beneficent results, who supplied the dynamite which destroyed the mercantile system, and was prepared to let the Colonies go if they could not be brought to contribute to their own defense? Surely, it may be said, we have gone very far from Adam Smith. Listen to the old cynic. 'It is not from the benevolence of the butcher, the brewer, or the baker that we expect our dinner, but from their regard to their own interest.'

How does the conception of a society in which the State is limited to the triple function of warding off foreign attack, administering justice, and undertaking necessary public works chime in with our doctrines of old-age pensions and workmen's insurance and State-aided housing and the like? Surely Adam Smith is very far from us! But is he in spirit so far? Be it remembered that the worst evils of the industrial system had not yet manifested themselves in Scotland when *The Wealth of Nations* was written; and that the main evil which had become obvious — namely, unwise Government in-

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terference with trade — was vigorously attacked by Adam Smith. But that acute observer had already noted one very serious social consequence of the rapid development of industry south of the Cheviots. He had observed the exploitation of quite small children in the factories, and in a remarkable passage he advocates State education as a remedy.

> A man without the proper use of the intellectual faculties of a man is, if possible, more contemptible than even a coward, and seems to be mutilated and deformed in a still more essential part of the character of human nature. Though the State was to derive no advantage from the instruction of the inferior ranks of people, it would still deserve its attention that they should not be altogether uninstructed. The State, however, derives no inconsiderable advantage from their instruction. The more they are instructed, the less liable are they to the delusions of enthusiasm and superstition, which among ignorant nations frequently occasion the most dreadful disorder. An instructed and intelligent people, besides, are always more decent and orderly than an ignorant and stupid one. . . . In free countries, where the safety of government depends very much on the favorable judgment which the people may form of its conduct, it must surely be of the highest importance that they should not be disposed to judge rashly or capriciously concerning it.

It would be difficult to find a better exposition of the political argument for State education than this which proceeds from the pen of the high priest of laissez faire.

Similarly, the modern advocate of tariff reform is fond of calling certain passages from the Free Trade Bible to his aid. In recent British fiscal controversy no sentence was more frequently quoted than the famous phrase in defense of the Navigation Act, 'Defense is of much more importance than opulence.' Champions of retaliatory duties often cite Adam Smith's confession that 'the recovery of a great foreign market will generally more than compensate the transitory inconvenience of paying dearer during a short time for some sorts of goods'; and those whose natural proclivities lead them to attach more value to political than to economic considerations take note of the qualification with which Smith enunciates the doctrine that a nation is advantaged by the opulence of its neighbors: 'The wealth of a neighboring nation, though dangerous in war and politics, is certainly advantageous in trade' — a maxim equally available to M. Poincaré and to Mr. Lloyd George.

Nor is the spirit in which Adam Smith views the great Colonial question of his own day very different from that which inspires the best political mind of our own age. That the mercantile system was absurd and costly and that the Colonial Assemblies would never be brought to furnish sufficient revenue to make the Colonies profitable to the mother country were with him profound convictions. The remedy was that the American colonists should be represented in the British Parliament — unionism, in fact, rather than separation. And how little Adam Smith shrank from the remote consequences of his doctrine of unionism is exhibited in the remarkable passage in which, in the not unlikely event of the produce of American exceeding that of British taxation, he contemplates the removal of the capital 'to that part of the Empire which contributed most to the general defense and support of the whole.'

If, however, legislative union should be impossible and the Colonies should persist in refusing to contribute toward the support of the whole Empire, then Great Britain should break the burdensome tie and 'accommodate herself to the real mediocrity of her circumstances.' The separation, however,

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might lead to improved relations, and might be cemented by a treaty of commerce far more advantageous to the great body of the people than the system of monopoly which had previously prevailed.

By thus parting good friends, the natural affection of the Colonies for the mother country, which, perhaps, our late dissensions have well-nigh extinguished, would quickly revive. It might dispose them not only to respect, for whole centuries together, that treaty of commerce which they had concluded with us at parting, but to favor us in war as in trade, and, instead of turbulent and factious subjects, to become our most faithful, affectionate, and generous allies; and the same sort of parental affection on the one side and filial respect on the other might revive between Great Britain and her Colonies which used to subsist between those of ancient Greece and the mother country from which they descended.

In this prophetic passage Adam Smith portrays the spirit which informs the Commonwealth of free and equal nations which is now united under the British Crown.

AN OPTIMIST ON RUSSIA

BY LEONID KRASIN

[*The following article was written by this well-known Soviet emissary on his recent trip to London to negotiate the outstanding difficulties between the British and the Russian Governments.*]

From the *Observer, May* 20
(London Moderate Sunday Paper)

On my way from Moscow to London I had to cover in an aeroplane several hundred miles of Russian territory. It is the fourth time that I have made this trip from Moscow to Königsberg and back, and the landscape from an aeroplane is well known to me. This year I and my colleagues noticed a new streak of color on the gray background of the Russian peasant cottages — the roofs and thatch of new buildings shining brightly. This is a fact of the utmost importance; it shows that the Russian peasant not only is recovering from the consequences of the war and blockade, but is able to sink a certain amount of capital in building up his village again.

There can be no doubt concerning the economic reconstruction of the village. Not only is the arable land increasing, but agricultural methods are becoming improved. The peasantry has undergone during these last years the greatest psychological change. The Russian peasant is to-day no more a forgotten slave or serf, as he was under the Tsarist régime. The peasant is to-day the citizen and lord of all the Russian realm. All the land belongs to him, and he is not afraid of the restoration of the landlord or the Tsarist régime. Together with the old régime has disappeared, too, the traditional shortsightedness of the Russian peasant. Millions of peasants have been to the front during the Great War; millions of peasants have been imprisoned abroad; they

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have learned to know the motor car, tractors, tanks, electrical power in the trenches, as well as European methods of tilling the soil. Many of them during their imprisonment were working on the biggest estates in Germany, Hungary, and Austria, where they had a chance to run tractors and to work the soil with most perfected implements.

Again, during the civil war the peasants left their own villages and fought for the freedom of their land on the north, south, east, and west. Hundreds of thousands and millions of peasants were thrown from the Volga to the Urals and from the Urals to the south of Russia; then once again to the Finnish border, and from there to the frontier of the Baltic States and Poland, or to liquidate the White Guard bands in Transcaucasia. The peasant during these five years of Soviet rule has played, and is playing, an active part in the direct administration of the State, from the village council to the most important State institutions.

It is difficult to grasp the magnitude of the change that has taken place during this time. This change could not but have its effect on the productive capacity of the Russian peasants, and the reforms that, under the old régime, would have taken tens of years to introduce, — and that by crushing down the conservative obstinacy of the peasant, who had been intentionally left ignorant by the régime of the Tsar, — are to-day introduced in a period of a few months by a simple decree of the Soviet Government, that is, the Government of the workers and peasants.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the reconstruction of agriculture is going all the quicker owing to the low cultural and productive level of the economic system inherited by the peasants as a legacy from the old Tsarist régime. In practically no European country is it possible to increase agricultural productivity by 30 per cent, or even by 15 or 10 per cent, for in all civilized countries the productive maximum of arable land has already been attained. Things are different in Russia. Without considering the area of untouched land, there exists the fullest possibility of an extraordinary increase in production, even without very large investments in artificial manures or agricultural implements, by simply bringing methods of production up-to-date.

The Russian peasant used to produce under the Tsar not more than one third, and sometimes one fourth, of what could have been produced on the given area by using even a slightly more modern system of agriculture. Such simple measures as earlier ploughing, the use of better-selected seeds, the introduction of the system of rotation of crops, the sowing of edible roots, a little more accurate tilling of the soil, and the use of the most elementary agricultural implements: all these simplest measures could alone increase the crop of the peasant farms by 150 or 200 per cent. The Russian peasantry is working feverishly in this sense, and the Soviet Government is doing its best to speed up and strengthen this development.

The most decisive element in this is the increased requirements of the peasant's family during the war and revolution. In Russia, as everywhere else, the war created exceptionally favorable conditions for the production of agricultural crops. During the war the Russian peasant used to sell or exchange his agricultural products in the towns at a very high price, receiving not only money but also furniture, clothes, shoes, hardware, articles of comfort, and even jewelry. In the Russian peasant home (*izba*) you can frequently see very expensive furniture and wares obtained in the towns. Neither the wife nor the daughter of the

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peasant is any more satisfied with the standard of living usual before the war; and the peasantry has received an unprecedented stimulus to increase agricultural production and to offer the maximum amount of products on the foreign market.

This is the reason why, notwithstanding the extremely difficult conditions, the area of arable land is becoming larger, and the crop every year is increasing. This is why everyone who comes back to Russia after a few months' absence is bound to notice the exceedingly rapid and striking increase in the general well-being of the rural population.

Parallel to the reconstruction of agriculture there is a revival of the light and handicraft industries directly connected with the working up of the rural raw-material, as well as with the city industries working for the inland market.

At the same time, the Soviet Government is making heroic efforts to rebuild transport and heavy industry. Here the task is somewhat more difficult, as the destruction and exhaustion of big factories and works, as well as the expenses involved, are in this case far more considerable than in the middle and light industries. Nevertheless, the great majority of branches have succeeded in maintaining their basic equipment in a more or less satisfactory state.

Notwithstanding all difficult conditions, and the havoc of the civil war, the railways are slowly but ceaselessly increasing their efficiency and the number of cars furnished every day for loading and unloading at a given place surpasses the maximum figures of the last five years. The textile and chemical industries are producing one third of their pre-war figures. The position is somewhat worse in the coal-mining industry, where the equipment was exhausted before the revolution — especially the boilers — and where it was difficult to secure the power required. The oil industry at Baku is yielding already 50 per cent, and in Grosny even 80 per cent of the pre-war figures. Poland and Rumania, who experienced neither blockade nor intervention, and who, on the contrary, have received, and are receiving, foreign help in the form of loans, can hardly boast of the better state of their oil industries.

On the whole we see, therefore, a slow but progressive reconstruction of Russian economic life, the quickest and most successful development being visible in agriculture and the small handicraft industries.

Little by little, in keeping with the general internal recovery of the country, is proceeding the development of our foreign trade. The first year after the blockade, in 1920, Soviet Russia could not export any kind of goods, and was obliged to restrict its purchases to the most indispensable machines and materials, paying for the same in gold. The chief purchases were railway materials, locomotives, agricultural implements, machines and tools for the forest and other producing industries. About ten million pounds sterling were spent in the buying of eight hundred locomotives, rails, and other railway requisites. As the British Government at that time hesitated to reopen solid economic relations with Russia, the biggest part of these orders had to be placed in Germany and Sweden. Only from the end of 1920 and the beginning of 1921 we began more regular purchases in this country.

The bad harvest of 1921 forced Russia to spend large sums upon imports of foodstuffs and seeds, in order to save the lives and livelihood of the peasants in the famine-stricken areas. The total imports for 1920 were about five

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million pounds sterling. In 1921 they amounted to about twenty million pounds; while in 1922 they ran to twenty-seven million pounds. Of course, the Government is taking all possible steps to reduce imports, in order to spend the least possible amount of gold abroad.

It was only in 1921 that Soviet Russia made timid attempts to export her first cargoes of flax, timber, skins, hides, and furs. The rapid growth of our exports is shown by the figures of timber exports. In 1920 they were quite insignificant: about 200 standards — a cargo for a test case. In 1921, Russia exported 40,000 standards, in 1922 200,000 standards, while in the year 1923 our plans are to export 400,000 standards, and in all probability, given normal conditions, these figures will be exceeded. Exports, which in 1921 amounted to not more than 3 or 4 per cent of imports, are quickly overtaking the latter and, in the last quarter of 1922, already constituted about 60 per cent of the imports. For the first four months of 1923 the value of the exports has actually been larger than that of our imports. Of course, it may be a little early as yet to speak of a positive Russian trade balance, but there can be no doubt that Russia is progressing rapidly on the way to establish a balance between exports and imports.

The nature of our exports is an important consideration for Europe. In addition to timber, flax, bristles, hides, and furs, there are oil products, and quite recently Russia has begun the export of grain and oil cakes. Finland already covers her deficit in grain during these last months, chiefly by imports from Soviet Russia. Germany has received considerable quantities of rye, barley, oats; oil cakes were sold to Scandinavia. If this year's harvest proves an average one, Russia will be able to put on the European market about two or three million tons of cereals.

The total value of Russia's exports, from £2,000,000 in 1921, has grown up to £8,000,000 in 1922. The anticipated value of exports in 1923 will be not less than £30,000,000 to £40,000,000. Thus we are keeping up a rate of increase in this sphere of 400 per cent per annum.

Of course, all these figures may be insignificant by themselves, and represent only a small percentage of the pre-war export. But it must not be forgotten that Russia emerged from a state of war three years later than any other European country, and that during the European war she bore much heavier sacrifices, both economically and in loss of life.

Within the next few years, however, Russia unquestionably will speedily restore her pre-war position on the world market as a source of supply of grain, agricultural products, and raw materials.

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RUHR SNAPSHOTS

[*The following sketches of Ruhr conditions as seen by German observers in the month of May are from two sources. The first group is by a member of the editorial staff of* Kölnische Zeitung, *a Conservative daily published in the British zone of occupation, and appeared in the May* 8 *and* 9 *issues of that paper. The second group is by Hans Nagél, an Essen correspondent of the Berlin Communist organ,* Die Rote Fahne, *and was printed in that journal on May* 13.]

I

First impressions may have symbolic value. At the Düsseldorf quay, where I entered the French zone of occupation, I saw on the right a barbed-wire enclosure, containing a dozen trucks and horse-carts filled with coal. They had been seized upon the public street. The guard of soldiers detailed to watch them occupied a one-story building one hundred feet or so away.

A French officer whom I met at the home of a mine official where he was billeted said with some hesitation that he and his comrades were rather subdued by the strangeness of the Ruhr. They felt lost in the network of railways, pit-heads, and furnaces. They were greatly surprised to find such densely overlapping settlements, — villages, towns, big cities, mining camps, furnaces, and works, — a mosaic of villages, cities, and parks, whose trees were factory chimneys, ore lifts, lofty condensers, towering furnace-stacks and blast heaters. They never imagined that the Ruhr had so many cities of over one hundred thousand inhabitants. They thought of Bochum and Gelsenkirchen as modest provincial towns. They had never heard of the neighboring places. The only further comment the officer ventured was that they expected to find ragged workingmen and half-starved children, ready to welcome the French as saviors. They were surprised at the great number of children they saw everywhere. In one workingmen's colony the officer counted seventy-two, staring curiously at his automobile.

Essen celebrates May Day. A long parade of workingmen, accompanied by music, advances slowly up linden-shaded Huyssen Boulevard. The Communists have red flowers in the buttonholes of their Sunday coats and wear red cravats. Bright trade-union flags and banners and wooden and pasteboard standards with propaganda mottoes flutter and sway above the moving mass. A few of the inscriptions remain in my memory: 'The grain is ripe, the harvest near; stand ready, proletariat!' 'Only he merits freedom who daily fights for liberty.' And in French: '*Vive la République des Soviets!*' The Krupp workers form an impressive column. They are evidently proud of the great establishment that they serve, and of their skill as mechanics. The French, a few of whom are watching from the top of the deserted railway-station, have expressly permitted this May Day procession — some say as a favor to the Communists, with whom they are dickering, and some say in order to wipe out the memory of the bloody slaughter at the Krupp works.

At the house of a boyhood friend I meet two bright young girls who relate to me the exploits of the 'Scissors Club.' This is a local vigilance society to punish any girl who associates with a Frenchman. Blue and red placards are first posted on the house, and sometimes smuggled into the room of any

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woman who defies this prohibition. The punishment — cutting off the hair — can only be inflicted in the darkest hours of the night, for should the girl recognize the scissors-man and report him to the French, long years of imprisonment would await him.

No one is permitted abroad at night without a lantern. In some places all Germans must remain indoors after 7 P. M. Even a person who ventures out on his doorstep to get a breath of cool evening air is promptly arrested, and forced to black a specified number of soldiers' boots, to unload a quantity of coke, or to clean the streets, as punishment. One old gentleman, however, was recently excused because — as the French told him — he remarkably resembled Poincaré. Whether he felt flattered or not, history does not record.

In the early dusk the streets offer an oddly old-time scene. Shifts are changing in the mines. The miners leave their houses, carrying lighted mine-lamps in their hands. A few other citizens hurry hither and thither on hasty errands, likewise carrying lamps or lanterns. They look like fireflies flitting down the street.

Not far from Gelsenkirchen station a market is being held in a dreary little triangular space. Rhubarb and lettuce do not interest me. I pass on to where two women are selling — not vegetables but flowers. They have come from some distance, one bringing her wares in a baby carriage, the other in two baskets carried by a yoke over her shoulders. Their meagre stock consists of wild flowers and greenery gathered in the forest — pale violets, a few bunches of purple cress, little bouquets of valerian, branches of broom with many buds and few blossoms, and inferior twigs of birch, hemlock, pine, larch, and laurel — none longer than twice the breadth of one's hand. Yet all sells readily, at one hundred and two hundred marks for a twig or a tiny bouquet. The eagerness of the humble workingwomen to secure these pitiful little reminders of the country opens my eyes to the fact that the industrial laborer is wholly cut off from nature. These men and their families no longer can visit the woods and fields, as they could even here only a few years ago. Under normal conditions, to be sure, they made Sunday excursions of some length to Sisen and beyond, but since the French came that is no longer possible.

The French have seized all the more important railway lines of the network that covers the Ruhr district, without regard to their relation with other lines. They have left us Germans merely loose odds and ends that were not intended to afford continuous routes. But our railway people have connected up freight tracks and sidings and mine railways so ingeniously as to reëstablish at least a semblance of through service at places where it had seemed impossible. Yet to make a trip of any length often requires several changes from railways to street cars and vice versa, and occasional intervals on foot.

At one point I learned that the French were just occupying a mine with which I was familiar fifteen years ago. I was curious to observe the operation at first hand, but my expectation of seeing something dramatic was disappointed. These proceedings occur in three steps. The first is the shortest. A detail of thirty men in complete campaign-equipment, with steel helmets, full cartridge-belts and fixed bayonets, take possession of the railway junction to the mine, ejecting the regular switchman. The officer in command then calls at the administration building and in-

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forms the superintendent that he has not come to take possession of the mine, but merely to seize the coal and coke waiting shipment. The mine may continue operation as usual; he expects to be there only one day. Sentries are posted around the coal- and coke-piles; barbed wire is strung between them and the rest of the mining property; the soldiers billet themselves in one of the sheds.

The second stage begins a day or two later. Eight civilian members of the so-called Engineers' Commission present themselves at the mine. They make inquiries as to the quantity of coke and coal at hand, and consider ways and means for carrying it away. The foremen of the various departments are summoned, and give the minimum of information necessary to prevent the French from wrecking the property, but refuse all further aid. This causes irritation on both sides and demands the utmost prudence and self-control on the part of the Germans. One engineer hunts around and finds the great bins that are ordinarily filled with sulphate of ammonia empty. He anticipates this from his experience at other works. He points around with his finger and asks 'Where?' What he means is that this valuable fertilizer has probably been concealed in some out-of-the-way part of the property. The tar in the great collecting reservoir is cold, and will not flow when the outlet is opened. The engineer has to heat it with steam before it will move. That will take two days at least. How much benzol is there? Which are the pumps to pump it into the tank cars? The French must be on the lookout not to pump tar oil instead of benzol. The great piles to the left of the coke ovens — which have been cold for weeks — look like coal dust. Is there coke beneath them? If so, is it worth the labor to transport the mixture of coke and coal dust to France, where it will all have to be sifted before it can be used? What kind of coal is in the dumps behind yonder carriers? Can it be used for coking? These and a hundred other questions are on the lips of the French engineers.

The third step is when workingmen appear, who have been recruited by a private contractor to take away the supplies on hand at the works. For weeks the men loaf around the establishment. First they have to secure some kind of cars, more or less in disrepair. Then no tools can be found. Special railway-lines must be laid. During the interval the German miners work after a fashion, getting out only enough coal to keep the mine running. The rest of the time they devote to underground work that is not immediately productive — opening new galleries and crosscuts, timbering, and the like. Naturally a chance visitor does not find this very entertaining. The result is a net loss for the French and a net loss for the Germans.

II

Espionage thrives tremendously throughout the Ruhr. The German Government, the German Fascisti, the French military police, and the French criminal police, all have their spies everywhere, watching the working people — above all the Communists. One Sunday some proletarian organizations arranged for a little outing near Bochum. Before they reached the beer garden appointed as their rendezvous, two gentlemen in ulsters were already sitting there, buried in their newspapers. Each was reading — with a show of great interest — a Communist sheet. Both these gentlemen were well known to our comrades, although they were unaware of the fact. The first was a French criminal detective, the second a German criminal detective.

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Consequently the proletarians passed on to another rendezvous. After a time the German detective rose, looked out of the door, and turned back with a gesture of irritated disappointment. A moment later his French confrère did the same. Thereupon the two gentlemen exchanged a meaning glance, profound with the deep intelligence that invariably characterizes their profession.

In every great industrial centre of the Ruhr one is surprised by faces familiar to him in Berlin. Any person who visits regularly labor meetings in that city learns to recognize the features of certain gentlemen who are constant attendants at such affairs. They are our friends, the secret police. Dozens of them are to be met everywhere in the Ruhr. Hundreds of their colleagues from other German police-departments have also appeared in this district. They are employed by the mine-owners, to take the place of the Security Police who have been expelled by the French. These gentlemen are enjoying themselves under the French occupation better than they have for several years. They serve as Pinkertons, carry official badges and Browning revolvers in their pockets, and are stimulated in conscientious devotion to their duties by great bundles of thousand-mark notes. At a few places the working people have had to take things in their own hands, and kick these fellows out.

The mine owners are adamant in their determination to checkmate the hated French Furnace Committee. Here is an incident from an occupied mine. One day the mine workers' delegate went to the superintendent, and asked for the kitchen allowances of the miners from the coal coming out of a pit the French had not yet seized.

'Oh, I say, my good man,' replied the manager with an honest grin, 'get your kitchen supply from the banks here. We'll back you up to the limit.' The banks, however, were surrounded with barbed wire and guarded by French soldiers with machine guns.

We were having our May Day celebration. Great processions were parading the streets with Soviet banners. We passed a French barracks. The workingmen bore standards with French inscriptions: *Vive Cachin!* The French soldiers waved greetings to us; none of them was permitted to leave the barracks. A chasseur des Alpes in a steel helmet and with a fixed bayonet stood on sentry duty. When the Soviet banner passed, with the workers singing the International, the sentry suddenly shouted 'Bravo!' and presented arms. A noncommissioned officer rushed out of the barracks, grabbed the sentry, and dragged him inside.

Of late our Communist papers in the Ruhr have printed articles in French, addressed directly to the soldiers of the occupying army. These French lads fairly snatch the papers from the hands of the newsboys. They come to our Communists everywhere, asking for copies. The same scene is repeated a thousand times a day. A soldier steps quietly up to you and asks in a low voice: '*Kamerad, nix Zeitung?*' Even French officers and noncommissioned officers take an interest. When a laborer was distributing to the soldiers in a beer garden one of our Bolshevist papers, containing articles demanding the liberation of Cachin, a corporal tore a copy from the hand of a private, threw it to the floor with a curse and stamped on it. The soldier protested angrily: 'You're a d — d chauvinist!' The good corporal indignantly repudiated the charge: 'I've nothing against your paper, but we have orders to stop

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fraternizing. If you want your paper, go out and get it in the woods, and not in a public place like this.'

Evidently French noncommissioned officers are not fully in sympathy with all the orders they are compelled to enforce.

Army officers are professional patriots in every country. It is their business to uphold the credit of the nation they serve. At Essen there is an especially savage 'German eater.' He is the captain of a French tank-company. He has repeatedly struck and abused German workingmen and civilian officials. He speaks German fluently. He is an Alsatian, and before and during the war was a regular officer in a Prussian guard regiment. He has changed his uniform, but still remains loyal to his profession.

In the districts of Hengstey and Scharnhorst the French have shown great anxiety to get Soviet Stars. Suspicious-looking people turn up at our Communist Party headquarters, asking in the Alsatian dialect for a half-dozen of our Stars. General Degoutte, who commands the army of occupation, is sedulously represented to our comrades as a devoted friend of the working classes. So the boys say he intends to substitute the Soviet Star for the Croix de Guerre for decorating his soldiers. Anyway, we see a number of his agents, wearing Soviet Stars in their buttonholes, at all our mass meetings and demonstrations. Of course, these gentlemen are not in uniform. Oddly enough, however, they are on hand as witnesses whenever the French hold a court-martial.

THE TRAGEDY OF MIERLING

[Original documents bearing upon the mysterious death of Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria, in 1889, have just become public in Vienna. We publish below important extracts from them.]

From *Prager Tagblatt, May 23*
(German Czech Daily)

As all the world knows, the death of Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria was for decades wrapped in a shroud of mystery. The Imperial Court would permit no light to be thrown upon the tragedy. Only recently has the veil been withdrawn slightly from the drama of Mierling. We now know from indubitable evidence that Crown Prince Rudolf, on the night of January 29, 1889, shot Baroness Marie Vetsera and then himself in his room at Castle Mierling. This was with the full consent of the young Baroness, with whom the Prince had made a suicide-pact. Her body was not delivered to her family; her mother was not permitted to see the dead daughter; and the Marshal of the Court forced two male relatives — her uncles, Count Stockau and Alexander von Baltazzi — to commit an act of cruel indignity toward the remains. They were compelled to take the bloody and half-clothed corpse in an ordinary cab, by night, to the Cistercian Cloister of the Holy Cross near Mierling, where it was hastily dumped into a rough pine coffin and buried without further ceremony.

The victim's mother, Baroness

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Helene Vetsera, was ordered to leave Vienna at once. The Court took it upon itself to represent the relations of the young Baroness with the Crown Prince in a way that could not fail to torture cruelly the mother's feelings. A few months later she returned to Vienna, and addressed a petition to Kaiser Franz-Josef, through the Marshal of the Court, in which she described her wrongs and sufferings, and begged that her child and herself might be spared further disgrace. Moreover, to clear her daughter's memory she prepared a document — which was immediately confiscated. The Emperor coldly rejected the mother's appeal, advising her to bear her burden with resignation. She thereupon made a second plea to the monarch — which was never answered.

The letters of the young Baroness, the reply of the Emperor's adjutant, and the printed justification of the memory of the daughter, are the papers that have just been discovered in the Vienna Court archives. The last of these documents contains the whole story of a love romance in which a niece of the Empress Elizabeth, Countess Marie Larisch, also plays a part. It was she who arranged the meetings between Rudolf and the Baroness, and who played a secondary, though important, rôle in the tragedy.

The first knowledge that Baroness Vetsera had of any personal relations between her daughter and the Crown Prince, was late in January, only a few days before the seventeen-year-old girl was persuaded to leave home. On the twenty-sixth of that month the lady employed as her daughter's companion reported to the mother that the previous evening, when leaving the skating-rink, the young Baroness had asked her to accompany her to a fortune-teller, with whom she had a private conversation. She reported further that on January 15 she had accompanied the young lady to a well-known Vienna jeweler's, where the latter had bought a gold cigarette-case and ordered something engraved upon it, saying that she would have her maid call for it. The young Baroness had begged her companion not to tell her mother of the incident, and she had not done so, thinking that the cigarette case was probably intended as a surprise for someone. However, she now connected its purchase with the visit to the fortune-teller, and felt that she ought to report the incident.

The young Baroness, when questioned by her mother, finally confessed that she had bought the cigarette case for the Crown Prince, and had sent it to him. She insisted, however, that she did this without letting him know her name. The Baroness scolded her daughter soundly for what she considered a piece of folly, saying that it would compromise her to have her name associated in any way with the Crown Prince, who was much older than herself and already married.

The Baroness then bade the daughter open her jewel-safe. In this were discovered a steel cigarette-case set with a sapphire and engraved with the name 'Rudolf,' and her daughter's will, dated January, 1889. When asked how she came by the cigarette case, the daughter told her mother that Countess Larisch had given it to her. She said the Countess had got it from the Crown Prince the previous summer, and had given it to her with the joking remark that it was because she was such an admirer of the Prince. The Countess Larisch confirmed the daughter's statement. Since there was nothing else to cause suspicion, the mother paid little attention to the will, thinking it merely the capricious act of an overwrought girl. She told her daughter that such a piece of folly simply made

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herself ridiculous. The young Baroness was very pale and depressed after their interview, but apparently recovered her cheerfulness in the afternoon and took her usual walk with her mother. They returned at five o'clock. About an hour later the young Baroness disappeared. After questioning the servants, the mother came to the conclusion that the daughter, upon thinking the matter over, had decided to go to the Countess Larisch, who had just returned to Vienna. She went immediately to the Grand Hotel, where the porter informed her that the two ladies had just left. When she got back home she found her daughter in bed, very pale and silent, as if she had suffered from a nervous crisis. Her older daughter told her that the young sister had sunk to the floor on her return, and had been helped to bed by Countess Larisch.

The Countess informed the mother that she had written the daughter that she could not visit her that day, and upon being asked a second time to come had sent an oral message, to the effect that she must attend the Empress at seven o'clock. A very short time afterward the girl had burst into her apartment and had thrown the steel cigarette-case at her head, saying: 'Take it back. I 'm going to throw myself in the Danube!' and fell to the floor. The Countess had picked her up and brought her to her senses by asking her what her mother would say if she discovered that she had left the house alone.

When the Baroness asked the Countess if she knew any other details and told her of the two cigarette-cases, the Countess replied: 'I gave her the steel cigarette-case; I know nothing of the gold one.' Thereupon the Baroness told her how seriously she was worried over her daughter's foolish act, and what injury it might do her if the Crown Prince learned who had sent him the case. After a few minutes' reflection the Countess said: 'Rudolf has always been a good friend of mine. I 'll write him that I want to see him, and shall have no difficulty in finding out if he received the case, and if he suspects who is the donor. But I must go to the Palace now. I 'm too late for dinner already.'

The young Baroness, who remained in bed the rest of the evening, asked several times for her maid; but the latter was not permitted to see her, being suspected of misstatements in connection with the gold cigarette-case. On the next morning, January 27, the daughter arose and went to her mother. She was still deathly pale, and evidently had been weeping. Her mother kissed her and begged her to be reasonable, expressing fear lest gossip might get abroad.

Toward noon the Countess called and said that she had seen the Crown Prince and told him a long story, to the effect that a married lady friend of hers had sent him a cigarette case and now wanted it back; but that the Prince had merely laughed at her. However, she assured the Baroness the Prince had no suspicion that the case came from her daughter. She promised in addition to go to the jeweler's the following day and have the charge for the case put on her own account, thus ending the affair for once and all. In order to arouse no suspicion, it was planned to have the young Baroness accompany the Countess on this errand. The next day, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the daughter left home in company with the Countess Larisch, never to return. . . .

The knightly bearing of the Crown Prince had awakened the passionate admiration of Baroness Marie Vetsera when she was only sixteen years old,

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before she ever met him personally. She first confessed this passion to an intimate friend, 'Hermine,' in 1888, when she imagined that the Crown Prince had indicated an interest in her at the spring races. She seems to have recovered herself somewhat by the beginning of June, when she left with her mother for a sojourn of several months in England. However, soon after her return to Vienna her infatuation revived. She was able to conceal her feelings from her family, — for at this time she had never met the Crown Prince, — and the admiration she showed for him at the races and the opera was natural enough in an impressionable young girl. Her personal acquaintance and secret intimacy with the Prince could never have occurred if Countess Marie Larisch-Wallersee had not managed to bring them together behind the mother's back.

The young Baroness thus describes her first meeting with Rudolf, in a letter to the trusted girl friend already mentioned: —

'To-day you shall have a happy letter. I have met him. Marie Larisch took me with her on a shopping trip. We went to "Adele" to be photographed — naturally, for him — and then went behind the Grand Hotel where Bratfisch — the Crown Prince's coachman — was awaiting us. We concealed our faces in our boas and were off in a gallop to the Palace. An old servant was waiting for us at a small iron door. He led us up several dark stairways and through dusky rooms, finally stopping at a door and telling us to enter. When we did so a black bird, a kind of a raven, flew at my head and I heard a voice from the next room saying: "Kindly come this way, ladies, I 'm here." We entered. Marie introduced me, and we had a regular Vienna gossip. Finally the Prince said: "I have a word to say to the Countess alone," and went with Marie into another room. I looked about during the interval. On the table lay a revolver and a death's-head. I picked up the latter and examined it carefully. Suddenly the Prince stepped into the room again and took it from my hand with a startled look. I told him it did not frighten me, and he smiled. When we left, he himself showed us the way through a dark room and down a stairway, and said to Marie: "Bring her back again soon, I beg you."'

According to the evidence of her maid, it was only a few days after the first visit that the young Baroness again went, in company with the Countess Larisch, to visit the Crown Prince. It is not positively known that the Countess accompanied the girl to the Palace on this occasion; but she was with her when she came home. Meanwhile a secret correspondence had begun between the Crown Prince and the girl, the letters to the former being addressed to his valet, and those to the young Baroness, to her maid. They were delivered in each instance by special messengers.

The letters that the young Baroness wrote to her girlhood friend mention frequent meetings with the Prince. These occurred between 11 A.M. and one o'clock, or between two and five in the afternoon, when she went out with Countess Larisch, ostensibly for shopping. Later the letters indicate that during Countess Larisch's absence she visited the Crown Prince in the evening between seven and nine, though on rare occasions, when her mother and older sister were at the opera. She made an excuse for not accompanying them, and was always home before they returned.

Apparently the constant pleading and appeals of her friend and confi-

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dante to break off her relations with the Crown Prince, on account of his position and to prevent compromising both him and herself, had a momentary effect. At least she promised to talk this over with him. After she spoke with him about it, she wrote her friend that the thought made him so unhappy that she would devote her life to him whatever came.

On Monday, January 28, Countess Larisch and the young Baroness left the latter's home about half past ten in the morning to carry out the proposed commission at the jeweler's. About an hour later the Countess returned alone and rushed into the mother's apartment, exclaiming: 'I 've lost her! She has left me! I found this note in the carriage!'

The note read: 'I cannot live. Today I have my opportunity. Before you find me, I shall be in the Danube. Marie.' The two ladies hurried to the Vienna police headquarters; but since the reputation of the Crown Prince was involved, the authorities refused to do anything. That evening the Countess learned that Rudolf and his suite had gone to Mierling. The next day an investigation started. The Baroness Vetsera went to Prime Minister Taaffe, who maintained an air of the utmost reserve. On January 30 the Baroness appealed to the Empress Elizabeth herself. But meanwhile the tragedy had occurred. Baroness Vetsera learned from the Empress's own mouth of the death of her daughter.

Two days previously, on January 28, Countess Larisch stopped at the residence of the Baroness at about ten o'clock to take the young Baroness to the jeweler's to have the bill for the cigarette case placed on her own account, and directed her coachman, in the presence of the houseporter, to drive immediately to the jeweler's shop in question. Soon after leaving the house, however, the Countess lowered the carriage window and ordered her coachman to drive to the entrance of the Augustine Bastion — where there is an iron door — instead of to the jeweler's. At that place they both left the carriage and entered the Palace. The coachman was ordered to drive on and wait at another place, until summoned. He stationed himself so that he could watch the door without being seen. About a quarter of an hour later the Crown Prince's coachman drove up, and the Baroness Marie Vetsera came out alone, entered the coach, and drove away without a companion. Some fifteen minutes later the Countess ordered back her carriage, and told her coachman not to let a word of what had happened be known. He was to say, if asked, that the Countess had driven directly to the jeweler's, but that while she was in the shop, the Baroness had left the carriage and driven away in another vehicle.

After impressing these injunctions on her coachman, the Countess did drive to the jeweler's, and went through the comedy of calling to the Baroness who was supposed to be in her carriage, and of manifesting the utmost consternation upon discovering her disappearance. She then drove, as stated, directly to the residence of Baroness Vetsera, where the scene already described occurred and the daughter's letter was exhibited.

The carriage of the Crown Prince took the young Baroness to the Rote Stadel, where the Prince was waiting for her in another carriage.

As soon as the two deaths were discovered at Mierling Castle, the Imperial Court began to exercise the utmost pressure upon the mother of the murdered girl to keep the matter quiet. Misleading reports of what had

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happened were sedulously circulated. The mother was forced to deliver to the Emperor her daughter's farewell letter. Orders were given that no coffin should be taken to the Hunting Castle, so that it was necessary to take away the corpse in a sitting posture, as already described.

On Thursday, January 31, at half past five in the afternoon, the murdered girl's uncles, Count Stockau and Count Alexander Baltazzi, went to Mierling. They rang in vain for half an hour without securing admission. Finally a carriage arrived with a Court official and the Emperor's private physician, Doctor Auchenthaler. Thereupon a porter appeared and admitted the four gentlemen. The official broke the seal, and opened the chamber where the corpse lay covered with blood. There was a gunshot wound under the left temple, emerging behind the right ear. Some thirty-eight hours had elapsed since the death without any attention having been given the body. It was still in the same position in which it had been found the previous day with the body of the Crown Prince. The eyes were wide open, staring fixedly. Blood had flowed from the half-open mouth and covered the upper part of the body. One hand clutched tightly a pocket handkerchief, which was removed with the greatest difficulty.

The farewell letters of the young Baroness read: 'Dear Mother! Forgive me for what I have done. I could not conquer my love. We have agreed that I shall be buried beside him in the cemetery at Alland. I am happier in death than in life. Thy Marie.'

She wrote to her sister: 'Dear sister! We are both departing happily for the uncertain life beyond. Think of me sometimes. Be happy; marry only for love. I could not do so, and as I could not sacrifice my love, I am going with him. Thy Marie. Do not weep for me. I am happy in what I am doing. It is wonderfully beautiful out of doors, it reminds me of Schwarzau. Remember the life line in my hand. Once again, farewell.' She then went on to beg her sister to send or to bring a gardenia to her grave every year, on her birthday, January 13, and closed with these words: 'As the last wish of one about to die, I beg Mamma to look out for the family of (here the name of her maid follows) as before, so that they may not suffer through my fault.'

She wrote to her brother: 'Dear brother, farewell! I shall watch over you from the next world, for I love you deeply. Your faithful sister.'

A few days before, on Friday, January 25, she had rehearsed a gradual — the last song she learned — in the Royal Chapel of St. Augustine. She had been greatly worried lest her voice might not be strong enough to be heard well at the altar. Everything was arranged for her to sing it in the choir at High Mass on February 2. Evidently she had no premonition at the time of the rehearsal that on the latter date she would be lying in the cemetery of the Holy Cross.

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SPRING IN GALILEE

BY ARNOLD HÖLLRIEGEL

[*Dr. Norman Maclean, of Edinburgh, recently wrote to the London* Morning Post *from the Sea of Galilee: 'Jerusalem never did aught for Christianity except crucify its Founder. . . . The true home of Christianity is to be found in the flower-strewn glades and valleys of Galilee.'*]

From *Prager Tagblatt, May* 16
(German Czech Daily)

It is a glorious trip when you make it in an automobile. Ten days of travel are reduced to one, and ten days' interesting sights are compressed into twelve brief hours.

This morning I left the town called Nazareth. Our motor car snorted past a well, the only one in the old city. Who can doubt that the wife of a Nazarene carpenter once came here to draw water? A child — doubtless — often accompanied her. Above the well cluster the buildings of the town, white in their frame of verdure, straggling away at last to loftier heights crowned by churches and cloisters. It is not an Oriental, but rather a Tuscan landscape, with its pale green glow of silvery olive-orchards. The thought has come back to me a thousand times to-day, how truly the great artists of the Renaissance conceived the Holy Land when they painted it.

Arab Christian women stand by the well with water-jars on their heads. All the guidebooks say they look like Madonnas; Mark Twain thought not, however; and I agree with Mark. Perhaps it was the speed of our automobile — for an automobile conceals as well as reveals — but I did not detect one beautiful face among the women of Nazareth.

An hour later our car speeds through a pretty village where fire-red pomegranate trees are in full bloom. Church bells are ringing. It is Cana, the Cana of the wedding. The wooded mountain that looks down upon us is Mount Tabor. A passing motor-car does not profane this country more than the bare feet of a holy pilgrim, for there is no abiding reality in this ever-changing landscape; it lingers a moment on our vision, then vanishes like an illusion into its century-hallowed past. Yes, that was Cana. Could I carry away a truer memory of it than this fleeting vision gave?

The road dips downward between bright green hills, winding through a delirious wealth of field flowers on either hand. I catch a magic glimpse of glittering silver in the distance — snow like that which rests upon my native Austrian peaks. It is Mount Hermon. And now behold a broad lake, blue as the heavens it reflects — Gennesaret!

At a point where a path diverges from the carefully kept highway to a village on the border of the lake, a band of Arab nomads turn aside. The men are clad in billowy mantles. Their faces glow like bronze beneath the shadow of their hoods. Instead of weapons, which are now forbidden, they carry stout staves in their hands. The few women in the party wear no veils, but are tattooed with bluish lines upon the face and hands. Among them, one red-haired girl with glowing

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eyes, whose glance seems to burn when she gazes at me. It was thus the Italians painted Mary Magdalene. Thus Titian made her hair. Thus Correggio made her eyes. And the village below is Magdala.

A motor car is a miracle — above all, in Palestine. For the Holy Land is small, and an automobile brings out its sharp contrasts. We left a chilly spring morning at Nazareth; at Tiberias, in a hollow six hundred feet or more below the level of the sea, we meet the summer of the tropics. I decide that a tropical night is probably pleasanter than a tropical noon, and bid my chauffeur speed on to a cooler climate. A slight pressure on the accelerator, and we are there, northward in the mountains.

As I write these words, I feel only too keenly how impotent they are to paint what I see. Can the word 'lake' convey the impression of this holy Lake of Galilee, sparkling like turquoise under the snow of Mount Hermon? It is, to be sure, a body of water. A steamer is crossing it at this moment toward the railway station. Rowboats with tourists are visible near Capernaum. Water is water; there is excellent fishing here. But is not its surface furrowed forever with the wake of a certain skiff, that belonged to the fisherman Simon, named Peter?

The city of Tiberias is an Oriental town with flat roofs, a German hotel, and a public park. In the park lie the capitals of the pillars that King Herod had erected here in honor of Emperor Tiberius. In yonder white tombs lie the remains of the great rabbis, Maimonides, Jochanan, Ben Sakkai, and Akiba. Jewish masons are erecting a new suburb of black lava-stone, which for variety's sake they are naming not after Emperor Tiberius but after the High Commissioner Herbert Samuel. Indeed, there are three cities here: the city of dim antiquity, the city of to-day, the city of the future. And yonder mountain is the Mount of the Sermon!

The title of a book by Pierre Loti, that I read hastily many years ago, keeps echoing in my ears: *La Galilée au printemps* — Galilee in springtime. Those who have only seen our Alpine meadows turning green beneath the retreating snows have no idea what spring is here. In a brief month the land will be burned brown again. The scanty trees will have shed their foliage. The stones will project from between the fallen leaves. Hardly a green thing will be visible, except where industrious Jewish colonists have planted gardens. But just now nature seems intoxicated, half-hysterical in her prolific exuberance. My little Overland car, a splendid climber, bears me up steep ascents over which every color in the universe seems to have been poured by a recklessly prodigal hand. There are a hundred shades of green alone; it is the predominant color, as everywhere in nature, but it is often submerged under the brilliant glory of the wild flowers. Yes, there are miles of glistening yellow anemones, then wide stretches of steel-gray aconite. Am I mad? Is it possible? Blue mountains — yes, whole mountains of blue, like fragments of a mirror dropped from heaven, cascades of violet draping the declivities. Then red spots, as if the soil were saturated with blood or clad in a cardinal's purple robe. When I tell you it is red poppies, I mislead you. Do not imagine such poppies as we have in our meadows; they are entirely different. For the blue of the gentian does not resemble the blue of the forget-me-not less than the red of these poppies resembles the red of our poppies at home.

The flowers lash teasingly at the

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wheels as our car speeds past. Grazing sheep are buried to their backs in this vast bouquet. A long line of camels lurches grotesquely through the brilliant pattern. The intoxication of this riot of vivid spring color is indescribable.

My motor car bears me aloft to Mount Safed, three thousand feet above the lake that I seem hardly to have left behind me. A little mountain-town, half Arab and half Jewish, lies nestled under the silvery olive trees. I order the car to slow down, for my ears catch the rhythm of pipes and cymbals. An Arab marriage-procession marches — no, dances — up a steep path, across which a little stream flows. Before I come up with it, the procession disappears in a large residence. Distant melodies from the Arabian Nights still linger faintly in the air. We reach a market place surrounded by Oriental merchant-stalls, coffee-houses and cook-shops. Syrian traders are selling bright fabrics from Damascus, — unhappily, previously from Manchester, — bright camel-housings embroidered with cowrie shells, mule-girths, red shoes, and women's veils, gold-embroidered. I get but a glimpse of these as we hasten past.

The road descends again. A stop for luncheon at the Jewish colony Roche Pinna, at a patriarchal inn such as might be found in any Galician village, except that the table is adorned with lemon blossoms. This is one of the old colonies that I do not like, in spite of its magnificent gardens. I am surrounded by ghetto and petty bourgeois Jews. But I have my automobile. In a few minutes I am away in a quite different world — Mahanaim Farm, where young Socialists, burning with intellectual enthusiasm, are starting a new life in the shadows of a magnificent eucalyptus grove. They live in a rude cabin where they spend their evenings discussing all the problems of mankind. Their hard labor is working wonders with their new soil.

After a brief pause I am again on my way through a low marshland lying still farther to the north. A river now accompanies the route: it is the Jordan. This is the region between Lake Galilee and Lake Huleh. We pass another Jewish colony, and come to an ancient stone bridge. Beyond the river lies unbroken desert.

My chauffeur stops at the bridge. Two armed sentries approach, one wearing the lambskin cap of an Anglo-Arabian gendarme, and another a uniform I do not recognize. My chauffeur asks: 'Have you a visa? This is the road to Damascus. We can get there in two hours, but the French gendarme won't let us pass without a visa.'

I have no visa. I shall never see Damascus.

My automobile stops in the marshes by Lake Huleh. Great stretches of papyrus, wild buffaloes, Arab gypsies, a dilapidated mud-village. It is impossible to proceed farther, to the northern settlements that lie on the border, under the snowy peaks of Lebanon. So we hasten to turn back before the gnats and mosquitoes devour us.

Yes, back to Tiberias. Evening is descending. The heat of the day is over. On the shore of the lake, not far from the village of Magdala, an impressive-looking young man on a fine Arabian steed meets me. He invites me to visit the farm that he is managing. He is a Jew, born in Palestine but reared and educated in France and French North Africa, and he is an expert in tropical agriculture. Magdal Farm is the private property of some Russian Jews, who were very wealthy before the war. Now this estate on

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the Sea of Galilee is all that remains of their former vast fortunes. My guide is operating the place with the help of seventy Jewish laborers.

Here, under the palms, I revel again in tropical nature, for the first time since I left Ceylon. A magnificent avenue of Californian Washingtons, the most beautiful palms that grow, leads out to broad orchards where oranges, grapefruits, papayas, and mangoes, are in bloom. Great bamboos, as thick as a man's body, tower out of the jungle. I push forward, along a path hedged in by impenetrable thickets, to the shore of the lake. My companion's spirited horse gallops ahead. I am left alone for a moment.

Yonder is the sun, setting behind the pearly water. It is an hour for silence. Life loses its reality. If I were to see One walking toward me over that water, how easily I could believe the miracle!

A spring day in Galilee explains so much that I never understood before. Here goodness and wisdom might — and must — enlighten the world.

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH THE MODISTE

BY ROBERT DE BEAUPLAN

[*A few weeks ago the* cousettes, *or working girls, struck in all the larger fashion-establishments of Paris. It was apropos of this event that the following article appeared, though not until after the issues had been adjusted.*]

From *L'Illustration, May* 19
(PARIS ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY)

FRENCH public affairs of the last three weeks have caused sad uneasiness in England. It was not the occupation of the Ruhr that caused the uneasiness, but the strike of the *cousettes*. With the marriage of the Duke of York in prospect, what would become of the two hundred dresses that the English Court was expecting from the Champs-Élysées or the rue de la Paix?

Heroic measures were required. One saw directresses take up the needles that their working girls had abandoned and spend toilsome nights with them. Others crossed the Channel in order to superintend the completion in London of toilettes that had been delayed here. It was through this enthusiasm and ingenuity that Paris once more upheld her reputation. At Westminster Abbey, as well as at Buckingham Palace, our French models dazzled all beholders.

There is no reason to smile at this victory, which is by no means so frivolous as it may seem. Just as other countries export coal or agricultural machinery, we French export elegance. Our manufacturers of luxuries reëstablish the trade-balance even while they are spreading French influence abroad. Last week *L'Illustration* described the cruise in distant seas of the French warvessels, Jules-Michelet and Victor Hugo. On board these ships were some marvelous models — parts of the exhibits in the *Salon du gout français*, which re-

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produced the latest creations of our couturiers, our modistes, our jewelers, and our artists in furniture and interior decoration. These exhibitions will spread the reputation of France quite as much as the appearance of our sailors at Melbourne, Sydney, or Yokohama. Our diplomats, our writers, our painters, and our actresses are not the only ones that make our culture known throughout the world. Wherever ladies dress *à la française*, people are already beginning to think *à la française*. In both hemispheres we have efficient ambassadors whose names are Worth, Paquin, Jenny, and Paul Poiret.

Such considerations no doubt did not greatly concern the *premières mains*, the *secondes mains*, and the *petites mains* who assembled at the Bourse du Travail to demand increases in their pay. But since an agreement has been reached and the workshops have resumed their feverish activity, there is an excellent opportunity — now that they have left the first page of the newspapers — to find our way into those workshops whose patrons themselves rarely see them except superficially.

The entrance is not necessarily very imposing, in spite of the gold-braided usher who leads you as far as the elevator. At the door of the salons a *maître de céans* receives you. Young girls in neat attire, the saleswomen, come hurrying up. It takes a few minutes to get used to the hum and bustle of this hive of industry, this mixture of a society affair with effervescent chatter (one's eyes instinctively search the table for tea and cakes), of the lobby of a big hotel with its mingling of languages, and of a theatre. Brief and mysterious phrases and hurried calls ring out: '*Schéhérazade* wanted'; 'Bring *Vésuve* and *Desdémone*.' The *mannequins*, with their graceful walk, appear, turn, stop, disappear, and appear again with a new gown, all with a gentle indifference, without nerves and without thought.

Styles and fashions mingle in picturesque, paradoxical confusion. The street suit stands side by side with an elaborate evening-cloak. In one corner a designer is making sketches for an American magazine. Here is a buyer, arrived this morning from New York or Buenos Aires, notebook in hand, making notes. Ladies are judging, criticizing, questioning, and hesitating. The methods of persuasion are engaging and the flattery is audacious: 'But no, madame, I assure you, you are no heavier than the mannequin. With such a complexion you can wear anything.'

Other remarks even more piquant are exchanged: 'You want to see *Séduction* again? But you said yesterday you did not like it.'

'Yes, but I had a friend along then: if she had imagined that I liked it she would have wanted it herself.'

The order is finally made, written down, and work begun. Two or three fittings, and the dress will be delivered to its happy owner. Nothing more remains for her — except, of course, to pay the bill, which she does not always do as quickly as she might. But she can wear it with pride at the theatre or the Opéra. She will watch the approving glances of the men and — a still keener satisfaction — the envious eyes of the ladies. With an air of indifference and the negligent uttering of a name she will reply to the question, 'Where did you get that?' and perhaps she will never know how much creative genius and originality 'that' represents, and what industrial organization was required before her costume could come into being.

To create — this is the business of the great couturier. While others are following the fashion, he is making it. Here is a subject for a psychologist,

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backed up by a sociologist, to study. What are the mysterious laws that govern this intangible, indistinct, and yet definite thing — *la mode?* How does it happen that all fashionable ladies will decide to resemble, according to the classic joke, either an umbrella or a bell, that they will either stir the dust with their trains or display their ankles, that they will puff out their sleeves with 'gigots' or leave their arms bare, that they will permit their waistlines to wander up and down?

Simple souls imagine that somewhere or other there is a supreme council that decrees according to its own good pleasure 'what will be worn this year.' If this occult power existed, there would be none greater on the surface of the globe, but it does not exist. Fashion is the result of spontaneous selection. There is, no doubt, a rhythm which one cannot transgress. It has its currents. It undergoes irresistible influences which are like the great waves in moral and social conditions. It is affected by wholly accidental influences — pure matters of chance.

To-day we are in a period where the simultaneous infatuation for all the styles makes us forget to have a style of our own. Our eclecticism sets Greece and the Middle Ages side by side, and confronts the art of Louis XVI with Negro art from the jungle. This mixing of æsthetic contradictions puts the couturier to a severe test. He has no tradition to restrain and guide him. His fancy and his audacity are free. No rule confines him — only his own scruples and his own good taste. This taste he must train by a universal culture. He is a haunter of museums and libraries, he travels through picturesque provinces and strange countries. He builds up collections of his own: engravings, prints, bits of costume, ancient fabrics which he will have reproduced or conventionalized; for he is master of the materials that he employs and not merely of the form he gives them.

However great the richness of his imagination, it cannot be sufficient for his task. He surrounds himself with assistants whom he directs and whom he inspires. These are designers, who suggest ideas to him, and the *modelières* or *premières* who tirelessly cut and drape, combine and harmonize.

People sometimes imagine that a gown is made from an artist's sketches the way a house is built from an architect's plan, but this is seldom the case. Almost always it grows through successive trials and from mental labor, like the statuette moulded by the fingers of the sculptor. The living mannequin stands there motionless. Upon her one drapes the cloth. There is cutting; movements must be tried; there is pinning, and adjusting; and the stores of precious silks are ransacked.

Sometimes the work goes swiftly and the gown emerges with joyous ease from inspired hands, but often it is a thankless task. The fold that hangs badly is undone and done over twenty times. Hours pass, nervous exhaustion begins, and the mannequin is ready to drop from fatigue. Sometimes, too, there are surprises. The first conception is transformed in being worked out. What started out to be a cloak finds itself suddenly covered with panels; the little afternoon-dress becomes a décolleté evening gown. The endeavors, doubts, despair, and intoxication of artistic creation — the couturier knows them all.

Capricious and mysterious as fashion itself is the law that determines attraction and repulsion. Once upon a time there were ladies — whether of the beau monde or of a demimonde of which our epoch knows nothing but a vulgar caricature — who were known as the uncontested arbiters of good

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taste. They determined what was elegant; others followed their lead. This régime is slowly disappearing. One may accuse the leveling tide of democracy or the improved education of individuals, according to one's taste. The result is the same. The couturier henceforward has to deal with the public. He has, it is true, means of influencing it — the races and the stage. But even this publicity, which is indispensable to him, may be turned against him, for it lays him open to counterfeiting and to being robbed of his ideas. For him alone the slow and costly working out of an idea, the delays and the discouragements. For the clever copyist, only the impudent and fruitful exploitation of his success.

Somebody has to pay for it all, and it is the modiste's clientèle who foot the bill. They complain sometimes of the high prices, but not always. A few weeks ago, a princess who bears a name that has been famous since the days of the First Empire presided over a committee of ladies, the patronesses of a dazzling affair that was being planned. She named the couturiers whom one might ask for costumes. She named three or four, and then, when another name was suggested, she cried: 'No, our set cannot go to him any more. He has begun to sell gowns at a bargain.' This 'bargain' was still well over one thousand francs.

At such prices the economic troubles of the period after the war have notably diminished the number of the modiste's French customers. In spite of the nouveaux riches, — whose number is exaggerated, — foreign customers have taken their place. Even here there have been far-reaching changes. Russia no longer exists, and although Germany was never a very important market, the Austrian crown and the Rumanian lei have cut off Central Europe. But the peseta of Spain and — most of all — the English pound and the American dollar make up for all that. A gown that cost 1200 francs in 1914 to-day costs about 3000. In 1914 an American lady would pay $240 for a gown which to-day she gets for less than $200. Let nobody be astonished, then, that our great couturiers do from fifty to eighty per cent of their business with England, Spain, South America and — most of all — with the United States. 'If the franc went back to par to-morrow,' one of these confided to me, 'we should be ruined.'

Such considerations have nothing to do with art. They are matters of commerce. The great couturier, who is an artist first of all, must likewise be the head of a business house, the director of a bank, and the manager of a factory. The ladies and gentlemen who find their way into luxurious salons — and who, when the hanging is lifted or when someone forgets to close the door, at best see only the waiting-room where the mannequins, like show girls at a theatre, dress and make up — never suspect that the business house, the bank, and the factory exist at all. But they do exist, finding as best they can a place to store their stocks of material and a place for their offices and workrooms in the seven or eight stories and the cellars and the additions behind the buildings.

The force of clerks, which is almost entirely feminine, — and this does not diminish its fractiousness, — works here. In order to house these girls, to assure their comfort, to give them light and the amount of air required by health and demanded by a placard posted at the entrance to each room, miracles of ingenuity have been necessary. As the business has grown bit by bit, it has been necessary to take over neighboring buildings, to cut through walls, to open corridors and passageways and to arrange for elevators.

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Enough goods for a big store accumulate and have to be taken care of. Everything that comes in and everything that goes out to supply the workshops is noted down by the business people. One item is 30,000 pins a month. Everything is carefully watched. A few inches more or less in the making of one gown is no great matter, but on eight or ten thousand gowns, which is the figure of production in some houses, it may affect the profits by several hundred thousand francs.

When you consider the size and the complexities of this organization, you are not surprised to hear the manager of one of these big houses say, 'My business? I learned most of it in America from Henry Ford. I am employing industrial methods. They call me 'the sergeant-major' and they are not wrong. If I did not carry carefulness to the point of mania, I should be wiped out. I get to my office every morning at 8:30. I receive the heads of my departments, one after another, a quarter of an hour at a time. If one of them does not finish in the time assigned him I put him off to the next meeting; but that does not need to happen. The most important thing in business is to be brief. Another secret of business prosperity is graphs. My whole business is shown in graphs. I look them over every day: one curve for orders, another for deliveries; another for money paid out, another for money received; curves showing the proportion of street gowns, of evening gowns; other curves showing sales of each model; and curves for the sales in France and those in the different foreign countries; comparison with the same month of previous years; proportion of old customers to new ones; condition of my personnel — more than I can tell you.

'By half-past ten I have seen everybody. I know what is in the mail. I don't miss anything of importance. There is a second report in the evening, under the same conditions, beginning at half-past five. In the meantime I can devote myself to my own particular work.

'First of all, I read the French, English, and American papers. There are two columns that interest me especially: the international money-market and the gossip of the fashionable world. If the pound and the dollar are up, I give the screw a turn to bring in my bills. If they are down, I let things go. I have divided my clients into ten classes with a secret key to them. One word on the folder of papers relating to each tells the way to deal with her. These words mean things like this: "pays on account"; "has to be checked up often"; "apply to husband."

'The fashion notes keep me in touch with the arrivals, the departures, with the marriages and deaths. There are several thousand people in two continents whose social standing, changes of position or fortune and residence, I have to know without hesitation and without error. An American turns up here for the first time. She mentions her name and the hotel where she is living. That ought to be enough. You have to know in advance who she is, how much she is worth, where she comes from, and what her connections are. If I do not, I am done for. The first reference you ask for annoys her; but luckily I have inherited an excellent memory from my father. Without that —

'I am not speaking merely of the customers whom we already have, but also of the customers whom we do not have yet but whom we must have. For ten years I have been getting some seventy thousand names together, under my own direction and at my own suggestion, not by chance but from the yearbooks. There are seventy thousand women of every country

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and of several classes, each of whom has her own taste and her own personality for us. I get in touch with them at the right time in all kinds of ways. Publicity? No, no. Propaganda and diplomacy. I have already got five thousand. Not a bad proportion, is it?

'That is the way a house prospers. That is how, year in year out, it reaches a figure for business done of fifty to sixty millions, more than one hundred and fifty thousand francs a day. There are taxes, it is true. To-day we give up seventy per cent of our profits to the State — an enormous charge; and what makes it still worse is the perpetual modification of successive laws, contradictory and obscure, that confuse us in making declarations, taxes, and reductions. It is impossible to keep in touch with them all, and so I have a department for the study of taxation. Its one business is to study the laws and advise me in my relations with the tax collector. This bureau costs us more than six thousand francs a year, but the money is not wasted.'

In this conversation the great couturier showed that, among the various qualities demanded by his profession, psychological sense is not the least. However, I did not want to leave the anterooms of this great dress-house where I had learned so much, without asking a single question.

'How much would it cost a well-dressed woman to buy her clothes entirely from you?'

'That depends. If she is reasonable and can content herself with what is strictly necessary, she might get along — gowns and cloaks only, of course — for 50,000 francs a year.'

'And if she is not reasonable?' The only reply he gave was to raise his arms to heaven.

A FORTUNATE RAID

A TALE OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

BY V. I. NEMIROVICH-DANCHENKO

From *Dni, April* 8
(Berlin Conservative-Socialist Russian-Language Daily)

Impossible to forget that fairy-tale day in Shiraz. The blue of the sky was so deep that at times it seemed black. The broken line of the flat little roofs above the white walls was more striking than ever. It was the season of roses. The roses of Shiraz are incomparable in their gorgeousness and their fragrance, just as the roses of Pæstum were in olden days. Everyone had them. No street urchin went about without a rose in his hand or behind his ear. Their fragrance was everywhere. A local proverb says: 'When these roses bloom in the heart of a beautiful girl, it 's no trouble to pluck them, because their fragrance leaves her intoxicated.' All over the town, boys sold them, carrying them in conical bunches upon a staff.

Upon the vast and usually deserted square, under the arch of the palace, a

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great crowd was moving. The steps of the gigantic mosque were black with people. The multicolored terraces, balconies, and roofs were crowded. The pitiless sunshine gleamed upon the silks, and satins, and the fanciful patterns of the rugs. The ragged policemen only just managed to keep control over the excited, vociferous mob. Tall black caracul caps turned and nodded in all directions, wide sleeves floated in the air while their possessors were gesticulating wildly. Beggars beat their copper plates, dervishes sounded their wooden mallets. The green-turbaned mullahs alone walked majestic and undisturbed among this human chaos. Donkeys painfully squeezed their way through, burdened with huge skins full of water, and their masters sonorously beat their metallic drinking cups, stopping the long-eared *ishak* every minute to sell a drink to a thirsty onlooker. I never remembered such a crowd on this square before — and with reason.

Because on that day they were going to stone a renowned beauty. Only a few days before, she had been sold to a repulsive rich old man — a disfigured monster covered with festering wounds, rotting alive. And the day before her young lover was caught in her *enderum*. He was lucky enough to make his escape, climbing like a cat upon an old and crooked fig-tree that grew close to the wall, and jumping the fence. That was the last they saw of him, only a few ripe figs which he trampled underfoot stained the wall as if with blood. The pursuers ran to his parents' house, and were asked by those people to search all of their poor dwelling; but the lucky lover was not there. He was far away, about ten miles from Shiraz, in the magnificent and famous mosque of Nureddin-Sultanieh. This mosque had the right of giving refuge. The young man just managed to leap across its threshold and he became inviolable. The Shah himself could not demand his extradition. Such a sanctuary as this is never violated in Persia.

All of us Europeans were more than shocked by the terror of this impending execution. The monstrous husband was offered large sums of money to desist from vengeance, but he answered: 'I am rich enough. Gold will not quench my thirst for revenge.' Zeinal-Sultan himself intervened, but without success. The enraged old man shouted at him, 'If I forgive her to-day, to-morrow every beggar will spit in my beard. Law is law and it must be fulfilled.'

The British Consul alone kept smiling, and called his friends together.

'How much would you be willing to sacrifice to save this miserable woman?' he asked.

'How can you save her?'

'That 's my business.'

'But all Persia will rise against you!'

'Never fear. It 's my risk.'

Four hundred tomans were collected.

'Is that enough?' we asked him.

'If it is n't, I 'll add more.'

The French Resident was agitated above everyone else.

'John Bull always promises without fulfilling his promise!' he kept saying.

When these words were duly reported to the Briton, he said nothing and only tightened his lips. Toward night he called a few Persian Cossacks from the regular unit drilled by Liakhov after the Russian pattern.

Meanwhile, the people were getting ready for the execution, which is a survival of very ancient barbaric times. The woman accused of unfaithfulness to her husband or master is — without trial but in accordance with custom — buried alive up to her throat. The crowd gathers a handful of stones and in an hour's time a bloody spot is all

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that is left of her head. Old women, nay, women in general, are said to be the fiercest of all during such executions, their wild clamor covering the piercing cries of the victim.

'Genuine hyenas!' the British Consul said, who had witnessed one such execution in Kashan.

The crowd was already flooding the square itself. In the centre there was a small empty space guarded by policemen. Whoever was too insistent upon getting ahead was clubbed upon the forehead. Those people have remarkable skulls which never crack. A deep hole was dug in the ground, with a mound of soft earth near by which was to cover the woman up to her throat.

There was not a single Persian in the crowd but carried stones. People were betting as to who would first shed her blood. Women were howling fiercely, ahead of time, so that your eardrums cracked.

We all sat upon the balcony of the Consulate. My heart beat so that it hurt. What plan could possibly succeed against those fifty thousand irritated, revengeful Persians? As well try to tear a tiger's prey from his claws — and all of these people were such tigers.

'I'd better go,' one of us said, rising from his seat.

'Better wait. It's going to be interesting,' said the Consul, 'or you'll miss a most comical scene — something impossible outside of the Orient.'

Below us was a sea of those conical caracul caps and multicolored *khalat*. Women were huddled in white scarfs. Upon the roofs, all around us, women and children crowded together: not an inch of space left free. Mothers raised their little children in the air to let them see better. A charming baby with huge black eyes made believe that he, too, with his little chubby hand was throwing a stone at the condemned. The Shah Nasr-ed-Din did not see such a tremendous crowd upon his arrival in the city some time before. What colors! What pictures! Roses, roses everywhere, a veritable garden of roses all around the infamous black hole in the ground.

The Consul looked at his watch and called his secretary.

'Everything ready?' he asked mysteriously.

'Yes, sir. You see there —' and he pointed into the depths of a long street that opened in front of us. Instead of flat roofs, the cupolas of mosques were seen in the bluish distance, half concealed by the huge green crowns of the trees. Something red and black was dimly seen in the shade.

'All right,' said the Consul, and lighted a cigar.

But in the meantime the howls below reached a climax. All this multitude might have been upon the wheel of torture for the noise it was now making. There was a tempest of fury, rage, maledictions. Thousands of demons were unchained upon the city square. Windows, doors, the very stones seemed to clamor with inhuman voices. Thousands of clenched fists were shaking in the air. Under the arch something red appeared. Soldiers led — nay, pulled a woman with tied hands. Her veil was torn off her face. Her long braids whirled around her from one side to another. With my field glass I saw two wide eyes filled with terror. Upon a balcony near the arch the Persian Governor appeared. His eyes met those of the Consul, and he smiled.

Presently the policemen were clearing the way for the soldiers and their victim.

'*Habarda! Habarda!*' (Give way!) They threw themselves into the multitude like madmen, frantically clubbing and lashing the humanity around them,

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beating the smooth-shaven necks with the flat of their swords, kicking the black caps off to the ground. The crowd obediently gave way, opening a broad passage. Into this passage sinuous, hairy, sunburned arms were projecting, clenching handfuls of stones and threatening the condemned. I noticed the amazing beauty of her deathly pale face with gleaming eyes and finely arched eyebrows.

Our Englishman rose slightly and the Persian Governor from across the square made him a sign. The woman was already next to the hole. My breath failed. Indeed, the Frenchman must have been right! What miracle could save her now? One more minute and it would be too late. Half a minute — ten seconds: The hole was close by her. I shut my eyes just when the Consul pulled out a red handkerchief. From the bluish depth of the street with the cupolas a volley of shots cracked, as if a mountain had burst asunder. Disconnected shots followed. The mob howled now in a mood of utter bewilderment.

The Cossacks set in upon it.

'Flee! Save yourselves!' they shouted. '*Bakhtiary* — the robbers broke into the city. The whole desert has risen against Shiraz —'

There followed a few moments of indescribable confusion. And a real miracle happened: not a single veiled figure remained upon the roof. The houses might well have been those of a dead city, with all their windows shut and latticed, their balconies deserted, their arches deep and empty. The soldiers who were dragging the woman fled first, leaving their rope and their victim tied to it. You could not see their heels, they ran so quickly.

However, the frantic Cossacks kept galloping wildly back and forth upon the square and shooting aimlessly. The only things that remained there besides themselves were two dogs who tried to make their escape, rushing hither and thither in mortal terror, and thousands of conical caracul caps and slippers that fell off the men's heads and feet. A group of women appeared from the Consulate, took the victim, and surrounding her as with a cloud, disappeared.

'Sir,' the Englishman turned to the Frenchman; 'you are now convinced that the British do not always deceive. At least, not this time.'

'Bravo! Bravo!' The Frenchman was utterly embarrassed.

'The best of it all, gentlemen,' the Consul continued, 'is that those Cossacks were perfectly sincere. They were not acting any part at all.'

'How?'

'Exactly. My clerks and kawas have so completely surprised them that they never even stopped to think that the bakhtiary could not possibly reach Shiraz as suddenly as that. The brave lions of Persia! They were so badly scared, they fired in perfect good faith, and they fired in the air, not seeing where their fantastical robbers were coming from!'

General consternation.

'And now, gentlemen,' the Consul went on, 'my men will certainly not want any pay for this affair. We'll shake their hands and drink to their health; that's all. As to the money — the four hundred tomans, I propose it to you to offer them to his Highness the Governor of Shiraz, the only man in Shiraz who has brains and who did not honestly believe a thing about the bakhtiary.'

'But he won't take it!' I exclaimed, inadvertently.

The Englishman turned to me in amazement.

'The Shah himself would take it. Only perhaps he would ask for more. The only ones who take nothing here

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are those that are not offered anything.'

'Messieurs,' the Frenchman addressed us in a rather friendly voice, evidently intending to smooth over his previous blunder. 'Let us now collect something for this unfortunate woman. I shall subscribe fifty tomans.'

The Englishman bristled up. His face reddened, and the two tufts of red hair that took the place of his eyebrows settled down upon his eyes.

'Take back your tomans, sir,' he said. 'This woman is now under protection of Her Majesty the Queen of England, my august monarch; and consequently under the protection of the British people.'

'*Oh, c'est épatant!*' was all the poor Frenchman was able to utter.

POETRY AND CRITICISM OF EDWARD SHANKS

BY R. L. MÉGROZ

From the *Bookman, May*
(London Literary Monthly)

A year after the first shock of pleasure occasioned by *The Queen of China*, one had started wondering whether the author was, after all, just another of the cultured and very clever young men with which the universities seem to supply modern literature in embarrassing profusion. Recently and almost simultaneously appear two self-contradictory answers to the half-formed question: Mr Shanks's *First Essays on Literature* — of which more anon — and his fourth book of verse, *The Island of Youth*.

Besides confirming a former suspicion that Mr. Shanks as a poet was over-sophisticated, his latest volume of poetry enables us to justify rationally our pleasure at the publication of *The Queen of China*. And the appearance of two novels during the interregnum of only three years serves to explain the narrative element in his poetry as something fundamental to the man's mind even while underlining the too constant facility of the poetry.

The sophistication of *The Island of Youth* has produced an extension of the facility which in the previous volume was already replacing the restraint and shyness of an artist intensely conscious of what his forerunners had accomplished. The change may also be due to an intellectual conviction that modern poets are too fearful of stretching themselves out full-length. Mr. Shanks is no longer fearful. *The Island of Youth*, which lends its title to the volume containing it, is a well-told story in verse, moving with not quite sufficient impetus, but to the tune of delicate cadences. It opens: —

Hardly the first sweet day of sun and showers
On which with dewy lashes the world awakes,
And in the pale glass of the stretched sky,
Misty with her own tears, sees blurred and dim
Her half-forgotten youth — hardly that day
Had stepped from troubled wave to quiet wave
Before the maidens of the island learnt
They had a new companion.

No nervousness about the writer of that piece of redundant poetizing and of many similar passages in this book,

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But quotation would be out of place if it were meant merely to serve as the basis of depreciation. Mr. Shanks has a surprising power of poetic recuperation. If we pursue his story — and he makes that easy — we are sure to meet with the musical poet of *The Queen of China* volume.

Achilles' mother — even the Greek origin of the story confirms the new self-assurance of the poet — Achilles' mother, Thetis, had hidden him in the form of a maiden among the maidens of Scyros to avert the doom of a violent death foretold for him by the oracle. It was also foretold that the Greeks should not take Troy without his help. Ulysses, sent to find him, does so by a trick. During his concealment on the island Achilles loves Deidamia, the king's daughter, who is one of the maidens and who searches the island for the beautiful 'Stranger' after her sudden disappearance from among them: —

> Deidamia through the olive trees,
> A slip of white that dimly drifted on
> Like sunshine pale in sea-abysms drowned,
> Searched groping and astray.

She comes close to the Stranger, now in the form of Achilles: —

> And by the darkness where the hero stood,
> Only a shadow paler than the rest
> Troubled that shadow with her gentle plea.

While she pleads: —

> 'Return to us, return, and we with games
> And gentle love will woo you to ourselves. . . .'
>
> He stood
> As rigid as a cypress tree at noon
> When all the mountain sleeps and on her side
> The woods are breathless. Then with painful cry
> At one step from the thicket he advanced
> And in the moonlight tall and naked appeared,
> Saying with harsh, loud voice, 'I am Achilles!'
> Whereat the girl moaned low, shrinking aside,
> And all life's terror flickered in her gaze.

Achilles, with a quiet voice that was like hill-thunder, reproves the shrinking girl for fearing truth as she had formerly feared the lie of his maidenly disguise: —

> The girl
> Raised her sunk face with wrung and questioning look,
> As though upon his breast was written a word,
> Where the hard answer to all questions lay,
> Which she spelt slowly out. Upon her brow
> The weight of unexpected knowledge grew,
> As harsh a weight to carry as may be
> In mortal womb the progeny of a god.
> Yet never did the proud and stem-straight neck
> Sway at the burden; and in those wide eyes
> Horror gave way to wonder, wonder drew in
> A sharp and dolorous ecstasy. At last
> He, bending down, another answer read
> To his own cry. There was in their embrace
> No kindness nor no pleasure, but the strength
> Of floods unloosened, as their spirits rose
> Dizzy, and blind through the void fields of night.

This is both good blank verse and passionate poetry; and if Mr. Shanks would forget modern theories about how narrative poems must be written, and refrain from descending so frequently to poetic cliché or to the prosaic, we should be able to welcome in him our twentieth-century Keats. There is not much poetry in his latest book which reaches this level, however, and too much which need not have been written at all, capable and tasteful as it is.

Blank verse was the medium of the best work in the *Queen of China* volume, where the poems in rhyme, except that brilliant *tour de force*, 'Fête Galante: The Triumph of Love,' move with lame rhythms. The most satisfying poems, 'A Dialogue' and 'The King's Dancer,' are both in blank verse, as is the dramatic piece, 'The Queen of China,' which is justly described by the quotation-preface: —

> 'How we spun
> A shroud of talk to hide us from the sun
> Of this familiar life.'

It was just this deft skill of weaving shrouds of poetic talk which suggested a doubt about the author, but the title-poem of *The Island of Youth* clears

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matters in doubt. One would not now question the validity of Mr. Shanks's claim to the title of true poet, but it is not possible to avoid the conclusion that he is writing much too much. Some one hundred and twenty-five more well-filled, printed pages of verse two years after *The Queen of China* appeared, a second novel and a big book of critical essays, besides the heart-breaking grind of journalism to which Mr. Shanks, in common with the majority of living English poets, is forced to submit, does not leave time enough nor energy for the travail of true poetry.

Croce made a wise distinction between the poetic and the biographical or practical personality of Shakespeare, between the æsthetic values of his work and the acts and experiences of the man himself. Nowadays, when poets earn most of their livelihood by criticism, one must beware of criticizing their criticisms in the same breath as their poetry. Yet one may be reasonably grateful for such a peep into a poet's study as Mr. Shanks's *First Essays* affords, and if I am going to ignore the warning just written, I shall lay the blame upon the author of *First Essays*.

These are excellently interesting for their matter, and as revelations of the poet turned journalist they are valuable. Mr. Shanks has not even evaded the severity of his handicap as critic by choice of established classics for subject, as Mr. Middleton Murry did so successfully in his *Countries of the Mind*. Perhaps *The Old Indispensables* and *The People of the Ruins*, Mr. Shanks's two novels, may without undue depreciation be included in the evidences of the poet compelled to serve as journalist, though here is a case where 'time-serving' becomes respectable and almost an enviable term.

No, not enviable, for it is pretty certain that the novelist will be poorly rewarded for his labors in writing these two already dated novels — the one a rush of rollicking farce satirizing limpet-like and superfluous Government departments, the other a clever piece of Wellsian prophesying which, with *Men Like Gods*, Cicely Hamilton's *Theodore Savage*, Morris's *News from Nowhere*, Hudson's *The Crystal Age*, and Butler's *Erewhon* at hand, we can easily do without, for the gleaming touches of beauty in it which come from the poet either do not belong to this work or else Mr. Shanks sacrificed the best he might have done as one of the prophets of Utopia, so that hints of it fall like grain on the stony desert.

Just as Mr. Shanks is a poet, he is also a subtle thinker. These terms are deliberately selected, because a careful consideration of his poetry produces the conviction that he has not yet put his intellect into it, though he is very close to the stage which Keats had reached at the recasting of *Hyperion*. 'A good job too!' you exclaim? But every poet must reach this crisis, and surmount it, or else become an echo of himself. And profundity in poetry is not didactic preaching, nor philosophical thought-spinning, nor the obscure humor which generally spoils Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's most promising work. Perhaps Mr. Walter de la Mare is the profoundest living English poet.

First Essays contains an admirable study of 'The Poetry of Mr. John Freeman,' in which the author, examining Mr. Freeman's didactic tendency, says: 'Truth of no sort, religious or scientific or philosophical, becomes truth of poetry until it is made poetical — until, that is to say, it is exposed to the fusing heat of contemplative ecstasy which is the specific and indispensable condition of poetic creation. When this is absent, the truth escapes the clumsy attempt to state it in bare terms; and the result is something

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which is not poetry, and which as a rule only suffers by being presented with pseudo-poetic trappings and circumstance.'

If Mr. Shanks shares with other living poets a lack of sufficient leisure to bring contemplation to the state of ecstasy, his essays, in spite of their hasty composition, reveal a mind that is bigger than is contained in the poetry he has written. Since Mr. Shanks is only thirty years of age, however, he is one of the most interesting of contemporary writers for a critic to follow. Pending his next volume of verse, which, it may be hoped, will occupy him longer than another two years, our attention may be devoted to the rich variety of the *First Essays*, where within the journalistic compass of a few thousand words for each essay, — or let us say up to the limit which the *London Mercury* could find space for, which is perhaps ten thousand, — at any rate within a very readable length, authors with as diverse and intellectual a content as Samuel Butler, Goethe, W. N. P. Barbellion, John Masefield, Walter de la Mare, H. G. Wells and Hilaire Belloc, W. B. Yeats and Rabindranath Tagore, are closely embraced by the critic's principles and perceptions.

The critic, it is fair to add, disclaims 'a definite principle of criticism' and describes the essays as 'attempts to find such a principle'; but no essays as interesting as these were ever so written, and no poet with Mr. Shanks's accomplishments in verse can criticize literature without fundamental conceptions of its nature.

An unexpected conclusion, however, results from a reading of the essays. Mr. Shanks as a critic is better in sorting out philosophical ideas and attitudes in his authors than in outlining and weighing æsthetic values. When he deals with W. B. Yeats, or Keats, or Shelley, he will illustrate platitudes originally. When he writes of Mr. H. G. Wells he amply justifies Benedetto Croce's warning to critics that they must not confuse biography, even mental biography, with criticism of literature; and the long essay on 'The Work of Mr. H. G. Wells' is so occupied with quarreling with Mr. Wells that the writer is reduced to the absurdity of treating one of the giants of to-day as 'a silver tongue' and a master of oratory, not that 'of Gladstone even, still less that of Burke or Grattan, but perhaps that of Mr. Lloyd George.'

It is all very well to strafe Mr. Wells for his 'provisional thinking'; but for a young man with nothing greater in literature behind him than Mr. Shanks has, — and sympathetic as I am to his work, I can find nothing great and nothing perfect in it, — for such a stripling to wind up a sermon to Mr. Wells with 'I should select for possible survival' such-and-such of his books, is a kind of gratuitous if unconscious impudence.

Another unsatisfactory essay deals with Mr. Masefield, and this also reveals a preoccupation of the critic with nonessentials. Here is a passage which comes from a fellow poet as unkindly as did certain of Mr. Squire's parodies: —

> Assuming that he (Mr. Masefield) has genius, that he did not capture opinion only by pretense, the mere range of his work must be considered and may be reckoned to his credit. He has written lyrics and sonnets and a series of successful narrative poems, plays, both in prose and in verse, which have stood the test of production, several novels and a collection of stories, a book on Shakespeare and books about the war. His sincerity as an artist may often be questioned, will certainly be questioned in the pages that follow; but his personal sincerity, in the broadest and most fundamental sense, is beyond doubt. If he has pandered to anything, it has been to his own mistaken artistic ambitions, not to the taste of the public which admires him.

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This is a kind of ungenerosity of youthful criticism. Mr. Shanks proceeds to the 'vices' of Mr. Masefield, 'which, on discovery, rendered his critical following so profoundly distrustful if not completely disillusioned.' This will never do, Mr. Shanks! There is malice in every comma! Why, a 'following' which could be 'completely disillusioned' or even 'profoundly distrustful' after discovering Mr. Masefield's vices, would be either a jealous or an ignorant following, but never a critical.

Mr. Shanks is so helpful and skillful in finding for us the buried virtues of Mr. John Freeman that his 'discovery' — with such innocent pain — of Mr. Masefield's vices will not allow of escape from a fear that somebody or bodies is or are indeed jealous. Certainly Mr. Shanks does deftly turn round — but his space is very limited — for Mr. Masefield's virtues (the existence of which he has already baldly asserted), and finds them, surprisingly enough, completely exemplified in the realism of *Reynard the Fox*. Mr. Masefield's exquisite work in the shorter lyrical pieces is dismissed as 'a hundred vague and inconclusive lyrics and sonnets,' wherein Mr. Masefield 'reiterates the abstract noun, "Beauty."'

The only excuse for the author of *First Essays* is that the paper dealing with Mr. Masefield professes to be only 'a brief inquiry.'

In writing of Mr. de la Mare he is much more sympathetic, but still open to damaging argument; which at least suggests that we may easily be unjust to the critic of Mr. Wells and Mr. Masefield. After finding Mr. Masefield's virtue to consist of realism in poetry, he finds that Mr. de la Mare 'has not the curious and exact observation of which Tennyson is the perpetual example'; which is as much an exaggeration of praise for the dead Tennyson as it is unfair to the living — the very intensely living and developing — Walter de la Mare. Another surprising dictum follows: —

'It is true that Mr. de la Mare's range of rhythmical possibilities is not very wide. There are certain types of metre he has never attempted and which he will never attempt.' Doubtless Mr. de la Mare will himself learn this not without interest. But, using a similar classification of ideas, I can invent a much truer dictum: —

'It is true that Mr. Edward Shanks's range of rhythmical possibilities is not very wide, though there are few types of metre he has not attempted and none which he will never attempt.' For what on earth has 'few rhythms' to do with 'few metres'? Mr. Shanks's poetry, now we come to think of it, is extraordinarily cultured and sophisticated; in metre it is pleasantly various; but in rhythm, which is the surest indication of the uprising inner force of poetry, it is comparatively monotonous, and hardly ever spontaneously varied.

A wrong impression will be conveyed to the reader if *First Essays* is left on this note. To recapture our pleasure in the subtlety and wealth of Mr. Shanks's mind we have merely to continue reading this fascinating volume, the 'Reflections on the Recent History of the English Novel,' for instance, or 'The Position in the Theatre,' or 'Folk Song as Poetry.' Mr. Shanks is never less than entertaining, and he is not always too busy or too prejudiced to be profoundly wise. At least one reader looks hopefully and with pleasant anticipation for his next work, whether this be criticism, or poetry, or a novel. In the novel Mr. Shanks may produce the *Erewhon* of this generation.

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'STORMY GHENT!'

BY NINO SALVANESCHI

From *La Tribuna, May* 24
(ROME LIBERAL DAILY)

I ARRIVED at Ghent two days ago. Never did the stolid old Flemish city, with its famous ducal castle, seem to me more peaceful than on that bright May morning. The flower-scented air of spring seemed to rejuvenate the old fourteenth-century palaces. Red carnations were nodding from their window boxes. Their austere façades were ogling their own reflections in the silvery surface of the canals. The flower market near the little house in the Rue du Poidre, which is the birthplace of the author of *Mona Vanna* and *Sister Beatrice,* was gorgeous with the white, violet, red, and yellow of azaleas, orchids, roses, and carnations.

An orderly procession files down a broad, clean street, led by banners, music in the centre, and a cluster of young boys following behind. The marchers look fresh and smiling, as if they had just stepped out of a canvas by Quentin Massys. This is the procession of the Flemish University.

From another direction more music, more banners, more standards, this time bearing French inscriptions. These are the Walloon students.

The processions pass each other, their music seeming at times to melt together, and the two streams of young people flow on, placid, serene, and undisturbed, as calm as their romantic Ghent. The tranquillity is broken only by the pealing of the fifteenth-century chimes, whose crystalline notes ripple merrily over the ancient gables.

You may not believe it — I would hardly have believed it without seeing it — but this is the atmosphere in which the great battle of tongues in the University of Ghent is fought. The drama has reached its final act, and that act is being played elsewhere — before the Belgian Senate.

To strangers the drama seems something more than a duel between the two languages of Belgium, where the odds are by no means equal. Of the eight million inhabitants of the country, only three million do not understand French. But behind the Walloons is France, and behind the Flemings is Germany; and the newspapers, according to their sympathies, are clamoring that Latin culture is in danger, or that Germanic culture is being crushed. But the person who knows Belgium and the Belgians intimately, who knows how devoted they are at heart to the independence they won in 1830, will be disposed to think these alarms unnecessary.

Belgium has four universities: Brussels, Liége, Louvain, and Ghent. The first three were founded — one might almost say — expressly to teach French culture. Ghent was established in 1818, at the time when Holland ruled this territory. The city was then blessed with great prosperity, for her commerce throve exceedingly under the favor of the Dutch.

Not until 1839 did the University become French. The reason for changing was that the two languages do not enjoy the same prestige in Belgium. French is commercially a world

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language, while the Flemish of Ghent is quite different from the Flemish across the Scheldt, and different again from the Dutch of the Netherlands. One might say that every town in this region speaks its own dialect. Indeed even the French of Belgium is not identical with the French of Touraine.

In addition, there is a social difference between these languages, the upper classes speaking French, and the proletariat Flemish. The result was that any Fleming aspiring to rise in the world or to enter the government service was obliged to learn French. And wherever the two languages came into contact, as for instance in Brussels, a hybrid idiom, half French, half Flemish, has been formed.

When the Germans occupied Belgium, and shrewd General von Bissing was made Governor, this language question, which had been practically dormant for many years, was revived. The Germans cleverly utilized it, and indeed the whole history of the University of Ghent, to divide the Flemings from the Walloons. They converted the University itself, with its twelve hundred students, into a Flemish institution. But as soon as the war was over, their action was reversed. The University, which by this time had fifteen hundred students, many of them in the engineering courses, — for Ghent specializes in mining engineering, — returned to the exclusive use of French.

But the war has left a language conflict behind, planting vigorous seeds of discord here as it has in so many other places. And naturally it has afforded abundant material for intriguing politicians.

The public, whether Flemish or Walloon, takes comparatively little interest in the University dispute. The Walloons are easy-going, light-hearted people, and the Flemings recall that the men of whom they are proudest — Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, and others — have written in French, and that Rubens, though he painted in Flemish, wrote in Italian. But Flemish intellectuals, eager to preserve their tongue as a literary idiom, wish one of the four Belgian universities to employ it. Many Walloons recognize the fairness of this claim, and are not averse to having the instructions at Ghent given in Flemish. I was privileged to discuss the matter briefly with the Rector of the University, Professor Pierenne, the well-known author of a history of Belgium. He told me that the probable solution would be to divide the University into a French and a Flemish section, and predicted that the latter would close its doors inside of a generation for lack of students.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

SHEEP

BY WILLIAM MACDERMOTT

[*Bookman*]

For one brief moment
  The traffic slows
While a tide of fleece
  Through the city flows.

Dogs bark and run
  And the sheepmen shout
Till the mild-faced sheep
  Are a surging rout.

Strong blows they bear
  And each pitiful face
In seeming dreams
  Of another place:

Where a woman stood
  Silent and still
While the drovers took
  Her dears from the hill:

Where a woman watched
  In the Western light
A cloud of dust
  That went to the night.

A THOUGHT

BY W. H. DAVIES

[*Collected Poems. Second Series*]

When I look into a glass,
  Myself 's my only care;
But I look into a pool
  For all the wonders there.

When I look into a glass,
  I see a fool:
But I see a wise man
  When I look into a pool.

THE COLD WINDS' HAVOC

BY TOMFOOL

[*Daily Herald*]

['Many chestnut trees in London, which were in the height of their glory a week ago, have fallen victims to the cold winds.' — Daily Paper.]

The old sun, the gold sun,
  With lovely May returning,
Went among the chestnut trees
  And set their candles burning.

The cold winds, the bold winds,
  Came down like Goths and Vandals,
And went among the chestnut trees
  Blowing out their candles.

ASPENS IN DROUGHT

BY WILFRID THORLEY

[*Saturday Review*]

The aspens all along the lane
  Shake greenly with shy leaves aslant
That make a sound like sudden rain
  To mock the dry earth's want.

Ten thousand tiny hands are clapped,
  Ten thousand tiny ripples race
Over the bitter branches wrapped
  Within the wind's embrace.

With their smooth boughs the air is brushed
  By Wind, their lover. They remain
Scarce half one fleeting moment hushed
  Before they move again,

With that fair sound of phantom drops
  To mock the thirsting earth and raise
The hedger's eyes where in the copse
  He shelters from the blaze.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

ALAS, POOR MAX!

'MAX has never given us a better show,' says Desmond McCarthy in the radical *New Statesman*, and, conversely, in all the awful condemnation of italics: '*They are assuredly in the worst possible taste*,' says Sir Claude Phillips roundly in the conservative *Daily Telegraph*. Between those two opinions and inclining to the latter, range the art critics of the London press, and their subject is none other than Max Beerbohm — Max the irrepressible, Max the light of touch, the gay, the airy, the inimitable, the insouciant, and — once too often — the impertinent. For Max has had another show of his cartoons at the Leicester Galleries, and he has dared to lay a flippant pencil upon the sacred person of British Royalty itself. It is too much. The pundits of the London press rally to the defense of their harassed monarch, while only a few wicked journalists of the Labor papers venture to chuckle in public; but it is worth recollecting that only a year ago there were alarums and excursions because a Beerbohm cartoon ridiculed the Labor Party.

The offending drawings deal with two generations of the House of Windsor, though not with King George himself. King Edward VII and his grandson, the Prince of Wales, are the victims, though the king is obviously beyond speaking for himself and the prince maintains a discreet silence. The cartoons of King Edward are presented as 'Proposed Illustrations for Sir Sidney Lee's Forthcoming Biography,' and consist of a series of caricatures of the king, beginning with his earliest youth and ending with a somewhat majestic angel, haloed and playing on the harp. Tucked away with delicate malice in each picture is a lady in the fashionable garb of the decade represented in the royal life.

'Downright vulgar and far from diverting,' says Sir Claude of the cartoon which satirizes the Prince of Wales's unwillingness to marry. This is called 'Long Choosing and Beginning Late.' The cartoon represents a very old man, whose features are characteristic of the royal House of Windsor, being married in a registry office. An imaginary Bolshevist revolution has taken place, and the Throne has been abolished. The legend has occasioned a good share of the offense: —

(*Extract from the* Times — *November* 10, 1972.)

An interesting wedding was quietly celebrated yesterday at the Ealing Registry Office, when Mr. Edward Windsor was united to Miss Flossie Pearson. The bridegroom, as many of our elder readers will recall, was at one time well known as 'heir-apparent' of the late 'King' George. He has for some years been residing at 'Balmoral,' 85, Acacia Terrace, Lenin Avenue, Ealing; and his bride is the only daughter of his landlady. Immediately after the ceremony the happy pair traveled to Ramsgate, where the honeymoon will be spent. Interviewed later in the day by a *Times* man, the aged mother-in-law confessed that she had all along been opposed to the union, because of the disparity between the ages of the two parties — the bride being still on the sunny side of forty. 'I had always,' she said, 'hoped that my Flossie was destined to make a brilliant match.' Now that the knot was tied, however, the old lady was evidently resigned to the *fait accompli*. 'I believe,' she said, 'that Mr. Windsor will make a good husband for my girl, for I must say that a nicer, quieter gentleman, or a more pleasant-spoken, never lodged under my roof.'

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As if to fill the cup of his offending, Max has added a cartoon of 'Lord Lascelles inspecting the Panama hat designed and trimmed for him by Queen Mary.' This, says Sir Claude, is 'impertinent, no doubt, and disrespectful, but not really ill-natured.'

Perhaps it is worth recalling that the critic himself was honored with Max's attention some ten or twelve years ago. Hence, perhaps, his sympathy with injured royalty. He knows how it feels, for the caption to his portrait ran, 'Sir Claude Phillips doing his best not to find my caricatures in the worst possible taste.' It is in rejoinder to this that Sir Claude delivers his icily italicized response across the gap of a decade.

The drawings have since been withdrawn, after Max Beerbohm had written to the owners of the gallery, 'I take no stand in the matter. No question of principle is involved. The question is one of taste merely, and I cannot strike a dignified attitude and say to the public in solemn tones, "My taste, believe me, is perfect." ' This may be chastened humility on the part of him whom all literary England knows as Max; but if so, it is for the first time. Perhaps — a dreadful perhaps — there is a subtle innuendo lurking in that refusal to proclaim, '*My* taste, believe me, is perfect.' Is Max gunning for his critics?

For the rest of the exhibition the critics have nothing but praise, save that a few find a slight falling-off in humor. Most important are nine drawings illustrating the changes in French, German, and British political relations in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, beginning with Napoleon I and ending with France in the Ruhr. Militarism is symbolized by an eagle's beak, which is introduced into the figures representing Napoleonic France, 'Germany in the early years of the twentieth century,' and France to-day. Napoleon III has an obviously false one, tied on with a string.

No exception is taken to a cartoon in which King Victor Emmanuel of Italy is represented as saying to King George, as both monarchs gaze in some dismay upon the gigantic figure of Signor Mussolini, 'He has worked wonders. If at any time you 'd like me to lend him to you — .' This is headed 'The Beneficent Despot. One Constitutional Monarch to Another'; but since it is regarded as 'an orthodox political caricature,' no one gets angry.

In 'The Eternal Invalid,' a figure of British drama, which appears to be very ill indeed, is surrounded by a group of specialists. Mr. St. John Ervine, who writes for a Sunday paper, exclaims, 'Give her a strong tonic every Sunday morning.' 'Give her a mask,' says Gordon Craig, and — characteristically — 'I was once her lover,' sighs George Moore.

Perhaps the best of all is the very much dismayed Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson confronting his Success — a very large, fat, red lady who carries what appears to be a pineapple. The caption: 'Success! So this was she! In his youth he had often dreamed of her, but he had not imagined her quite like this. This was she! Success!'

HEART-SEARCHINGS IN THE BRITISH THEATRE

For some time there have been hints in the British press that the British public is waking up to a painful truth of which British critics have long been unpleasantly aware. As Mr. W. A. Darlington, the dramatic critic of the London *Daily Telegraph*, plainly puts it, 'The British Theatre, it is agreed on all hands, is in a poor way.' With that, however, agreement ends. The actor blames the manager, the

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manager blames the actor, while the critic is inclined to blame them both and to pass on a share of the blame to the British public.

Indeed, it begins to look as if the United States can produce a more intelligent body of playgoers than London — a fact which may somewhat atone for the notorious lack of dramatists in this country. Commercial playwrights we have in plenty, and some who may be deserving of a better title; but America, however active her theatrical life may be, simply has not yet given birth to dramatists who can rank with Shaw, Barrie, Galsworthy, Barker, or Jones.

Yet there are signs of change in the British heart. Mr. William Archer, when in this country, was highly impressed with the work being done in Professor Baker's dramatic course at Harvard. He went back to England to spread the gospel. Some time ago Mr. Granville Barker was appointed lecturer on the drama in Liverpool University. Now London University has gone a step further and has introduced a 'diploma in dramatic art with special reference to the actor's art.' The new course is to occupy two years and will provide for dramatic training in both practice and theory. Each candidate for the diploma will have to undergo a practical test in the use of voice, phonetics, diction, movement and acting. He will also have to pass an examination in the following subjects:

General principles of English poetics

General outlines of the history of the drama, Shakespeare, and selected plays

One modern foreign language, with special study of selected plays—

Together with any one of the following:—

History of theatrical art, with special reference to social life, manners, customs, costume

Elements of appreciation of music

Elements of physics, as applied to stage-craft.

In addition, a third-year course is provided for those who wish to become teachers; this includes phonetics, voice-training, and other similar subjects, and stage direction.

Naturally the University does not think that it can make anybody and everybody into an actor. What it does hope is that, given a student with a natural bent for the stage, it can teach him the elements of his art. An actor will no longer have to pick his fundamentals up as best he can.

Although this progress encourages English lovers of the theatre, it does not by any means satisfy them. Mr. Darlington complains in the *Telegraph* that all this is admirable in its way, but there is to be found in it no provision for the special needs of the most important figure in the theatrical world of present-day London — the young playwright. This opinion is echoed by Mr. Dennis Eadie, the London manager, who writes to the *Morning Post* as follows:—

'Let both the Press and public use their influence to bring about the institution of a chair for the drama at our Universities, including the London University, and by this means practically a State and formal recognition of the extreme importance of legitimate drama. America established a chair for the drama at Harvard University several years ago, and it is occupied to this day by Professor George P. Baker, with the result that not only is the study of the drama possible, but it enables the student who desires to write plays to have the best help and tuition available.'

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KREISLER IN JAPAN

FRITZ KREISLER'S Japanese tour appears to have been almost as great a success as his numerous American tours. The great violinist has played in most of the principal cities of Japan and gave a series of five concerts in the Imperial Theatre, Tokyo.

To judge from the programmes which have reached this country, the violinist is to some extent allowing for Japanese unfamiliarity with Western music and is not playing his 'heaviest' programmes. At his first Tokyo recital he did play the Bach G-minor Sonata which he followed with the Vivaldi C-major Concerto and a prelude and allegro of Gaetano Pugnani. His familiar Caprice Viennois was so heartily received that the violinist had to repeat it. The familiar Rimsky-Korsakoff numbers were very much in evidence, and also the Tambourin Chinois, of which a writer in the *Japan Advertiser* says: 'The artist has captured something of the spirit of Oriental music and translated it into the musical terms of the Occident.' He also played the Indian Lament and his own Liebesfreud.

At the conclusion of the Bach Sonata the Alliance Musicale du Japon presented him with a gold medal. In recognition of this compliment Kreisler played the Tartini Trill du Diable — the significance of his choice is not reported. The great majority of the audience at his first recital was Japanese. As might have been expected the German and Austrian members of the foreign colony were next most numerous.

PAUL POIRET AS AN ART COLLECTOR

M. PAUL POIRET'S high repute as a designer of gowns has eclipsed his reputation as a lover and patron of the arts. Some time ago the Parisian press took an interest in the little theatre which he founded in his home. Now it is interested in an exhibition of his private collection of paintings which has been opened to the public.

M. Poiret was hardly more than a boy when he began to save his pocket money and invest his savings in art. At eighteen he already owned three paintings by Desbrosses. He has been lucky — perhaps 'intelligent' would be a better word — in his purchases and has been able to pick up some of the earlier works of artists who afterward became famous, while they were still struggling for recognition. In talking to one of *Figaro's* contributors he boasts of having bought his first Matisse as early as 1896, and as M. Poiret then observed: 'My confidence has not been misplaced.' He also was an early admirer of the landscape painter Ségonzac and of Van Dongen.

M. Poiret believes that owners of private collections ought to be legally compelled to open their treasures periodically to the public. 'If I were Minister of Fine Arts,' he said,'I should keep a hall in the Luxembourg specially for temporary exhibitions. Every private collector would be compelled to display his best pieces there every twenty years, and if he refused there would be a fine of 100,000 francs which would enable the State to enlarge our museums.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

Phantom, by Gerhart Hauptmann. London: Secker, 1923. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Victoria, by Knut Hamsun. London: Gyldendal, 1923. 5*s.*

[Gerald Gould in the *Saturday Review*]

THE beggarmaid must love the prince, and the princess the swineherd's son. It is obligatory. The truth of our fairy tales depends upon it. It is not till the fairy tales come to the wedding that they leave the truth behind. Love, in life, has more terrors and vicissitudes, tears, partings, and mistakes. We need not go as far as life to find them; literature is full of them; but the fairy-tale moral returns in the fact, which only the most decadent literatures have questioned, that love remains ever-surprisingly worth while. There must be contrast, must there not? And proportion? And risk, if there is to be gain? Very well, then: here come two good writers with no plot but the old legend, no moral but the old commonplace, who preach the triumph of love in tragic loss.

The names of Gerhart Hauptmann and Knut Hamsun are familiar even among those of us who cannot pretend to offer an estimate of their standing in their own lands. The latter has been hailed by certain of our critics in language that would be appropriate to only the very greatest. Certainly, in this particular book of his, there is nothing to justify such language; and yet there are qualities which, but for a deep and frigid skepticism about the use of that word, one easily could hail as great. A large and careless simplicity, careless, not of form, but of convention; a handling of thought's fantastic flights with that prodigious certainty of the man who lets loose his doves and knows they will come home; a lyrical exaltation; a seeking of loveliness in sorrow — one is conscious of all these, and conscious too that probably in a translation, however good, they lose much of themselves; and yet one hesitates, one is not rapt and conquered. About *Phantom* I feel no such hesitation: it is a great book, without qualification or reserve. I will not say that it challenges comparison with Dostoevskii; but it brings him to mind.

The parallel between these two stories extends to the external details. Both are very short, as novels go: each is a vision to be caught in one view. In each the hero loves a girl remote from him in worldly status, and comes to grief through his love. But in essentials the difference is acute. Knut Hamsun departs scarcely at all from the established lines of his theme; one could, without actual falsehood, so outline his plot as to make it sound like a serial in a cheap newspaper. The girl reciprocates the man's love, but must marry, to save her father from ruin, someone of her own social position. She wavers desperately: she will neither give up the man she loves, nor go to him; and in the end she loses her lover, her health, her life.

That this happens often enough in print as well as practice is no reason why a writer of genius should not lift it to the plane of poetry. But Hauptmann's story goes deeper, and higher. Here let our busy psychologists look for an interpretation of possession and obsession that links mania to our common mortal lot, instead of putting it in the place thereof! Here are the red blood and wild thoughts of a brother — subject-matter for medical analysis, no doubt, but conceived in an atmosphere other than the medical. (When medicine and religion do really at last come together, we shall see something; but that is a different story.)

The Fascisti Movement in Italian Life, by Dr. Pietro Gorgolini. Preface by Benito Mussolini. London: Fisher Unwin, 1923.

Mussolini: The Birth of a New Democracy, by G. M. Godden. Dublin: Burns, Oates, and Washbourne, 1923.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

The Fascisti Movement in Italian Life, by Doctor Pietro Gorgolini, with a preface by Signor Mussolini, will be published by Messrs. Fisher Unwin next week. The work, which presents a picture of the Fascisti movement in its relation to Socialism, Communism, Bolshevism, Capitalism, Nationalism, and Internationalism, has been translated and edited, with an introduction, by M. D. Petre. A second account of the same movement will shortly be issued by Messrs. Burns, Oates, and Washbourne in a volume entitled *Mussolini: The Birth of a New Democracy,* by G. M. Godden, another close student of the Fascisti leader's life, policy, and achievements. This also includes a preface by Signor Mussolini.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

DAVIES, W. H. *Collected Poems. Second Series.* London: Jonathan Cape, 1923.

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